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LYRA REGIS

THE BOOK OF PSALMS AND OTHER LYRICAL POETRY OF
THE OLD TESTAMENT

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LYRA REGIS

*THE BOOK OF PSALMS AND OTHER LYRICAL POETRY
OF THE OLD TESTAMENT RENDERED LITERALLY
INTO ENGLISH METRES*

BY

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LEEDS

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST REVEREND
WILLIAM
LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
PRIMATE OF ENGLAND AND METROPOLITAN
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
BY PERMISSION
DEDICATED BY ONE WHO HAS OFTEN EXPERIENCED
HIS GRACE'S KINDNESS
AND IS GRATEFUL FOR IT



P R E F A C E.

THIS little Volume can, at the worst, add but one more to the almost countless attempts that have been already made to bend the Psalms successfully to metrical treatment. The very number, however, and frequency of previous attempts prove the importance attached by many to the object in view, and supply the best excuse for another, however humble. What has employed the talents, exercised the ingenuity, and occupied, at any rate, the leisure of many men of mark for many ages, can scarcely be lightly dismissed as useless, or undesirable ; and, however difficult complete success in the undertaking may be, it is not therefore to be set down as wholly unattainable. Poets and statesmen, scholars and divines, lawyers and laymen alike, have devoted their attention to this work from time to time, and produced versions which have met with more or less acceptance and success. Milton and Sandys, Merrick and Keble, Archdeacon Churton and Professor Kennedy, Lord Lorne and Mr. W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., are only a few out of the many, and most of them in our own day, who have grappled with the problem ; and, if they have not wholly solved it, their work, as a whole, remains to us as a monument of learning and research, of graceful scholarship and accurate interpretation, which we could ill spare, and certainly would not willingly be without. At the same time, as Archdeacon Churton, the author of the *Cleveland Psalter*, expressed himself in writing to me some fifteen years ago, soon after I had begun this present version, 'If the work can be done successfully, it remains to be done.' With such a field of ambition before him,

Qui generosus miles est,
 Sibi ducat honori,
 * * * * *
 * in campo mori.

Failure in company with such men as have failed—if failed they have—should content, if it does not excuse, one in every respect their inferior; whilst any measure of success would repay only so richly the years of honest hard work which this volume represents.

Without venturing to discuss the reasons why much better men have not quite succeeded in producing a perfect metrical Psalter, it will be sufficient for me to give very shortly the principles upon which, to my mind, even approximate success depends.

First and foremost, the translation must be rigidly *literal*. Whatever may be thought of literal translation in the rendering of other kinds of literature, it is, I venture to submit, unquestionable that the Word of God should not be paraphrased or ‘padded.’ Even the addition of extraneous epithets—though at times, no doubt, unavoidable—is to be deprecated, as an element necessarily of weakness, rather than of strength.

In the second place, the peculiar character of Hebrew poetry must be kept in sight by the translator. Rhymeless and metrelless, it is a system of *parallelism* of idea,—a parallelism which Bishop Lowth, in his *Praelectiones*, ‘Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, 1763,’ divides into three kinds:—

1. *Synonymous*: When the several lines express the same sense, as in Psalm i. 1—

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
 That standeth not in the way of sinners,
 And that sitteth not in the seat of the scornful.

2. *Antithetic*: When the lines are contrasted with or opposed to each other, as in ver. 7—

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;
 But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

3. *Synthetic* : When there is a diversity of figure, but a similarity of construction and signification, as in ver. 4—

His leaf also shall not wither ;
And look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

This parallelism must as far as possible be preserved. It cannot, of course, be wholly so, but the rendering is in so far deficient which wholly obliterates it.

Once again, it would seem most desirable in an English metrical version to preserve as far as possible the phraseology of the prose versions which has become so familiar to English ears. This is too often neglected in the versions that we have, and the fact accounts, I cannot help thinking, to some extent for the comparative failure of their authors to secure a more general acceptance of their work. There is so much, especially in the Prayer-Book version, that lends itself readily to the laws of metre, that I have been surprised to see how little use has been made of it, as it stands, in even the most literal versions that we possess.

Working upon the principles which I have endeavoured to describe, I have not been unmindful of the opportunity afforded of making a metrical version at the same time a vehicle for the interpretation of obscure passages. I do not consider interpretation to be properly the first object of such a version, but a translator is, no doubt, bound to make his work intelligible, and that would not be possible without interpretation in metrical renderings founded upon our authorized prose translations.

In order to bring out as fully as possible the prevailing sentiment of each psalm, it has been my effort to select such metres as would best express, as far as I could read it, the mind of the sacred writer. In doing this I have availed myself of a large variety of metres, including many of those in which the most popular of modern hymns are clothed.

I have also for the first time, I believe, in a metrical version, attempted to reproduce the Alphabetical Psalms, of which there are nine, as well as the Book of Lamentations, with their peculiar

construction preserved. Whatever objections may be urged against this course,—and I am quite alive to the fact that there are many,—it has this advantage, viz. that it makes the preservation of the parallelism in those portions of the work absolutely necessary generally, while it gives the uninitiated reader a better idea of what the form of the psalm was in the original Hebrew. Of course, I have had to substitute the English for the Hebrew alphabet, and, since the latter contains fewer letters than the former, to omit some letters in each psalm. In this part of my work, as in many others, I have availed myself largely of the assistance afforded by that valuable work, *The Psalms Chronologically Arranged*, by Four Friends, 1870.

The Song of Solomon, which will be found in the Supplement, I have treated as a lyrical drama, following the arrangement suggested in the *Speaker's Bible*.

The principal authorities that I have consulted for the interpretation of the original, and from which I have taken many of the headings of the Psalms, include, besides the two already named :—

1. *The Book of Psalms*, by J. J. S. Perowne, 1870.
2. *The Psalms*, by W. Kay, 1871.
3. *The Book of Psalms*, by T. K. Cheyne, 1884.
4. *The Book of Psalms of David the King and Prophet*, by E. F., 1875.
5. *The Book of Psalms, in the Authorized Version, with Introduction and Notes*, by Bishop Wordsworth, 1868.

Besides these, the Commentaries of Calvin, Horsley, Horne, Slade, and others have been consulted, together with the metrical versions of Sandys, Goode, Kennedy, Keble, Lord Lorne, Merrick, Milton, Churton, W. Digby Seymour, as well as the versions of Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate and Brady, and the *Scotch Psalter* by Rous.

D. S. W.

DARRINGTON, April 1885.

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BOOK I.

PSALM I.

The lot of the righteous and the wicked, here and hereafter, contrasted.

BLEST is the man that walks not in
The counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in ways where sinners meet,
Nor sits upon the scorner's seat ;
But in God's law is his delight,
Whereon he muses day and night.

He shall be like a tree that's set
Where watercourses water it,
Which in its season bears its fruit ;
Its foliage also withers not :
And whatsoe'er his work may be
He carries out successfully.

Not so are godless men ; but they
Are like the chaff winds sweep away.
Therefore, when judged, they shall not stand,
Nor sinners 'mong the righteous band ;
For God the just man's way befriends,
But sinners' in destruction ends.

PSALM II.

Allegiance to, and rebellion against, God and His Son contrasted.

WHY do the nations in wild tumult rage?

Why do the peoples purpose a vain thing?

Earth's kings stand up, the chiefs in plots engage,

Against the Lord and His anointed King.

'Let us in sunder burst their bonds,' they say,

'And from us hurl their hateful cords away!'

He who in heaven sits shall laugh to scorn;

The Sovereign Ruler shall deride them all.

Then in His anger these men shall He warn,

And with confusion in His wrath appal:

'But as for me, I have the King I will

Ordained on Zion, on my holy hill.'

THE KING SPEAKS.

I will a law proclaim; God said to Me,—

'This day, begot by Me, art Thou My Son.'

Ask, and the nations shall Thy portion be,

The ends of earth for Thy dominion.

Thou with a rod of iron shalt break them up,

And shiver in pieces like a potter's cup.'

So now, ye kings, be wise! earth's judges, learn!

Serve ye with fear before the Lord Most High;

Rejoice in Him, with trembling to Him turn!

Kiss ye the Son, lest in His ire ye die,

For into flame His wrath doth quickly break:

O happy all that refuge in Him take!

PSALM III.

Faith's tranquillity amidst the assaults of enemies.

A MORNING HYMN.

O LORD, how countless are mine enemies !
How many 'gainst me in rebellion rise !
How many are they that of my soul forebode,
'There is no safety for him in his God !'

Yet Thou, Lord, art a shield about me spread,
My glory and the lifter of my head.
Aloud unto Jehovah do I cry,
And from His holy mount He makes reply.

As for myself, I laid me down and slept ;
I waked ; for by Jehovah am I kept.
I will not fear the hosts of angry foes,
Whose ranks on every side against me close.

Up, Lord ! and save me, O my God ! for Thou
Hast smitten on the jaw mine every foe ;
Breaking their teeth, Thou cast'st the godless down.
Salvation is the Lord's ; bless Thou Thine own.

PSALM IV.

The godly man protected and cheered by the light of God's presence.

AN EVENING HYMN.

ANSWER, when I call, from heaven,
 God, who dost my cause defend :
 Thou hast room in straitness given ;
 Pitying, to my prayer attend.

Sons of men, how long, blaspheming,
 Will ye 'gainst mine honour rise ?
 O how long, of vain things dreaming,
 Will ye seek for naught but lies ?

Know that he, who serves Him truly,
 For the Lord is set apart ;
 When I call, He mercifully
 Hears the pleadings of mine heart.

Tremble ye, no more backsliding ;
 Muse upon your beds, be still ;
 And, the offering due providing,
 Trust the rest to God's wise will.

There be many ever saying,
 ' Who will show us any good ? '
 Lord, Thy face on earth displaying,
 Shed on us its beams' bright flood.

Thou hast caused me joy, most pleasing
To my grateful heart within :
More than when, so fast increasing,
Grew their store of corn and wine.

I will lay me down and rest me,
Lord, at once, of sweet peace sure ;
For Thou only so hast blest me,
As to make me dwell secure.

PSALM V.

A morning prayer.

GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord !
My strong petition weigh.
Attention to my cry accord,
My King ! my God ! aloud outpoured ;
For unto Thee I pray.

Thine ear at dawn my voice shall fill :
At dawn for Thee my plea
Will I set out, Lord ! watching still.
No God art Thou to joy in ill ;
Sin cannot dwell with Thee.

The proud shall stand not in Thy sight,
Who hatest sons of shame :
The slanderer shall Thy vengeance smite ;
And those whom blood and guilt delight,
God loathes their very name.

But in Thine endless mercies I
 Will, entering Thine abode,
 Bow t'wards Thy blest shrine reverently.
 Lead me—for secret foes are nigh !—
 In Thy right way, O God !

Make Thy way plain before my face,
 For they ne'er speak the truth ;
 Guile in their inward part we trace ;
 Their throat's an open charnel-place ;
 They flatter with their mouth.

O God, condemn them ! let them fall
 Through their own treachery :
 For all their sins these rebels all
 O'erthrow ; while those that on Thee call
 E'er joy and shout for glee.

Keep them, whilst they glad thanks express,
 Who love Thy Name alone ;
 For Thou, Lord, dost the righteous bless,
 Round whom Thy favour in distress
 Is, as a buckler, thrown.

PSALM VI.

A penitential psalm.

LORD ! ne'er in wrath my faults rebuke ;
 Nor in hot ire chastize my sin.
 I languish, Lord ! in pity look :
 Heal, for my bones are vexed within.

My soul is vexed with sore regret :
 How long, Lord, vengeance wilt Thou take ?
 Return, O Lord ! deliver it :
 O save me for Thy mercy's sake.

In death there is no trace of Thee,
 And who will praise Thee in the pit ?
 Worn out with sighs, I drench my bed
 Each night ; with tears I water it.

Mine eye is—eaten out by woe !—
 Grown old through all mine enemies.
 Leave me, all ye that evil do ;
 The Lord hath heard my tearful cries.

The Lord hath heard my suppliant plea ;
 Jehovah will accept my prayer ;
 My foes abashed, sore vexed, shall flee,
 And, suddenly ashamed, despair.

PSALM VII.

The appeal of calumniated innocence to the righteous Judge.

O LORD my God ! I've refuge found in Thee :
 From all that harass save and rescue me ;
 Lest, like a lion, He my soul shall tear,
 And rend in pieces, whilst no help is near.
 If I, my God, Jehovah, have done this ;
 If in mine hands there be unrighteousness ;
 If I dealt ill to him at peace with me,
 Or displaced him who fought me wantonly :

Then let the enemy my soul pursue,
And overtake it ; yea, let him subdue
And trample down my life on earth beneath,
And lay my glory in the dust of death.
Rise in Thy wrath, Lord !—lift Thyself on high
Against the fury of mine enemy ;
And rouse Thee t'ward me ;—it was Thy command
Ordained just judgment ;—and from every land
Assembled nations shall to Thee draw nigh ;
And over them do Thou return on high.
The Lord shall sentence on the peoples pass :
Judge me according to my righteousness,
And see, O Lord, that it is done to me
According to my strict integrity !
O let the sinners' wickedness, I pray,
Come to an end ; but be the just man's stay :
For Thou, O righteous God, dost look within,
And try the very hearts and reins of men !
My buckler rests on God, who doth impart
Salvation unto those upright in heart ;
God is a Judge who justice doth display,
A God Whose anger is provoked each day.
If one will turn not, He His sword will whet ;
His bow is bent and ready strung is it ;
Yea, with His death-bolts hath He taken aim
Against that man ;—His arrows breathe out flame.
Behold ! he travails with iniquity ;
Conceiving mischief, he brings forth a lie.
He digged a pit deep down, and scooped it out,
And fell into the hole his hands had wrought.
His mischief shall recoil on his own head,
On his own scalp his fury shall be shed.
As He is righteous, will I thank the Lord ;
And praise the Most High's name in song outpoured.

PSALM VIII.

The praise of Jehovah in the creation of man.

O HOW glorious is Thy name,
Lord our Lord, to earth's far ends !
Thou, Whose glory, bright with fame,
High o'er heaven's self extends.

Out of mouths that suck the breast
Strength for war dost Thou ordain ;
Thus to lay the foe to rest,
And the avenger to restrain.

When I view the heavens so bright,
E'en the work of Thine own hands,
Yea, the moon and stars of light,
Creatures of Thy wise commands :

What is man to have Thy thought,
Or man's son Thy watchful care,
Scarce beneath the angels brought,
Power and glory's crown to wear ?

Why o'er all that Thou hast made
Hast Thou set his seed as kings,
Having in subjection laid
'Neath his feet all earthly things,—

Sheep and cattle everywhere,
Yea, the wild beasts roaming free ;
Birds that cleave the upper air,
And the fishes of the sea ;

With the tribes whose course extends
 Through the paths of ocean's stream ?
 Lord our Lord ! to earth's far ends
 O how glorious is Thy Name !

PSALMS IX AND X.

God, the righteous Judge, punishes the wicked, and protects the oppressed.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

PSALM IX.

A LMIGHTY Lord ! with heart and voice
 Thy deeds will I tell thankfully ;
 In Thee be glad, in Thee rejoice,
 And praise Thy name in psalmody.

B ecause my foes, turned backward, bend,
 And perish at Thy presence bright :
 Who dost my right and cause defend ;
 Enthroned on high to judge aright.

C onfounded are the heathen throng ;
 The godless to destruction brought ;
 The name they bore through ages long
 Hast Thou for ever blotted out.

D estruction hath cut off the foe,—
 Ruins for evermore are they ;
 And cities which Thou dost o'erthrew,—
 Their memory e'en has died away.

Eternal King Jehovah reigns ;
His judgment-throne all ready stands ;
For earth just judgment He ordains
And equal justice for all lands.

For thus protects He the opprest,
And shelters them in times of woe :
Who know Thy Name on Thee shall rest,
To those who seek Thee ever true.

Glad psalms uplift to Zion's God ;
Amongst all tribes His deeds declare.
He marks them Who avenges blood,
And ne'er forgets their victim's prayer.

Have mercy, Lord ! mine anguish see,
Which comes of them that hate me sore ;
O Thou Whose love upholdest me,
Save from the gates of death once more.

I thus with joyful heart and voice
Aloud Thy praises may declare ;
And in Thy saving health rejoice
Within the gates of Zion fair.

Justly the heathen have been thrown
Down those same pits which they prepared ;
And in the net which they laid down
Is their own foot alone ensnared.

Known is Jehovah through all lands,
And just His judgments on their guile :
For in the works of their own hands
He snares the impious and the vile.

L o ! sinners must to hell be brought,
 With nations that forget the Lord.
 Not always are the poor forgot ;
 The sufferer's hope shall be restored.

M y God, arise ! shall man prevail ?
 In Thy pure sight condemned for sin ;
 O Lord, let all the nations wail,
 And know themselves to be but men.

A call to God to chastize the scornful insolence of the wicked.

PSALM X. N ow, Lord, in this our needful hour,
 Why stand so far away and hide ?
 When wicked men would fain devour
 The needy in their lust of pride.

O in the snares behold these caught
 Their crafty cunning did devise.
 The vile doth boast his heart's vile thought,
 The robber bless, and God despise.

P roud in his scorn, he doth not care ;
 'There is no God !' his actions teach :
 At all times sure his ways appear ;
 Beyond his ken Thy judgments reach.

Q uite boastful t'ward his foemen grown,
 He puffs at them, and saith in heart,
 'Tush ! I shall never be cast down ;
 Fortune from me will ne'er depart.'

R ich in oppression, oaths, deceit,
 His words both sin and guile display.
 In lone dark corners of the street
 He sits, and doth the guiltless slay.

S et 'gainst the weak, his eyes keep watch !—
 As 'twere a lion in his lair,
 He lurks,—he lurks the poor to catch !
 The poor are caught, and in his snare.

T hus crushed, the helpless, sinking down,
 Fall through his strength :—in heart saith he,
 'Tush ! God forgets all crimes byegone ;
 He hides His face ; He will not see.'

U p, Lord ! Thine hand, God, lift to slay !
 And ne'er forget the mourner's prayer.
 Why should the heathen, scoffing, say,
 Despising God, 'God doth not care' ?

V ain words ! for Thou hast seen ; Thine eye
 Marks woe and wrong :—the poor may leave
 All in Thine hand ; on Thee rely,
 From whom the heathen help receive.

W hy not break down vile wicked power ?
 No sin, though sought, shall then be found !
 'Tis done !—God reigns for evermore !
 The heathen perish all around !

Y ea, Lord ! for Thou hast deigned to hear
 Each wish expressed by those in woe ;
 Thou also dost their heart prepare,
 And Thine ear listens thereunto.

Z eal for the orphan and the poor
 Dost Thou display, and guard their right ;
 That mortal man on earth no more
 May overwhelm them with affright.

PSALM XI.

Abiding faith amid abounding wickedness.

ON Jehovah I rely ;
 Why, then, to my spirit say,
 That she, as a bird, should fly
 To the hills and far away ?

For, behold ! the godless horde
 Bend the bow, and draw it tight,
 And their arrows have they stored
 In the quiver for the fight ;

That they may in secret shoot
 At all those whose hearts are true :
 The foundations they uproot,
 And what can the righteous do ?

God is in His holy place,
 And His throne in heaven on high :
 See ! His eyes regard man's race,
 And man's seed His eyelids try.

Just men doth Jehovah bless ;
 But the godless, and, still more,
 Him that loveth wickedness,
 Doth His righteous soul abhor.

On those godless men shall He
 Snares of fire and brimstone rain,—
 Storm and tempest : this shall be
 Their appointed cup to drain.

For in good and godly ways
 Doth the righteous Lord delight ;
 And His countenance with praise
 Will regard the cause of right.

PSALM XII.

God's promise of help in answer to prayer.

SAVE, Lord ! for good men cease to be ;
 The faithful fail from 'mong mankind ;
 They 'mong themselves speak vanity,
 With flattering lips and double mind.

May God root out false lips ; the tongue
 That hath such flattering tales outpoured,
 That say, ' We with our tongues are strong ;
 Our lips are ours ; we know no Lord.'

' Because the helpless are opprest,
 And from the poor I hear deep sighs,
 ' Now,' saith the Lord, ' to give him rest,
 For which he longs, will I arise.'

Pure are the words God sendeth forth ;
 Like silver ore that hath been tried,—
 Tried in a furnace on the earth,—
 Tried seven times, and purified.

Thou still wilt guard Thy servants, Lord !
 And save us in this world of sin ;
 Though crime on all sides stalks abroad,
 And rabbles rule the sons of men.

PSALM XIII.

Despair transformed into hope by the prayer of faith.

How long forget me, Lord ? for evermore ?
 How long from me thus turn Thyself away ?
 How long, in musing o'er its trouble sore,
 Must my sad spirit vex itself all day ?

How long against me shall my foemen rise ?
 O Lord my God ! consider, hear me moan !
 Lest I should sleep in death, light Thou mine eyes ;
 And lest they say of me, 'He is o'erthrown !'

They at my fall exult ;—but I rely
 Upon Thy love ; O, let my heart rejoice
 In Thy salvation. So in song will I
 To God for His rich bounties lift my voice.

PSALM XIV.

'Without God in the world.'

THE fool hath reasoned in his heart,
 'There is no God !'—corrupt are they ;
 Their conduct vile in every part ;
 No goodness any now display.

Upon the children of mankind
 The Lord hath looked from heaven's abode,
 To see if any He could find,
 Who understood or sought for God.

They, all of them, are turned away,
 Become corrupt with one accord ;
 No goodness any now display ;
 There is not one that serves the Lord.

Have they no knowledge, who are led
 To work such deeds of sin and shame ?
 Who eat My people, as 'twere bread,
 And call not on Jehovah's name ?

There feared they much ; for God's among
 The generation of the just.
 Your scoffs the poor man's purpose wrong,
 Because Jehovah is his trust.

O that salvation now were come
 To Israel out of Zion brought !
 When God His captive tribes brings home,
 Then, Jacob, joy ! then, Israel, shout !

PSALM XV.

The character of the true worshipper.

LORD, in Thy temple who shall find abode ?
 Who on Thy holy mountain dwell ?
 The man whose ways are straight, whose deeds are good,
 Who in his heart the truth doth tell.

Who hath not slandered any with his tongue,
 Hath done no evil to his friends ;
 Takes no reproach up at his neighbour flung,
 Contemns the vile, God's saints commends ;

Who, swearing to his hurt, still changeth not ;
 Ne'er lends on usury at all ;
 Nor hath reward against the guiltless got :
 Who does these things shall never fall.

PSALM XVI.

The thought of peril swallowed up in the consciousness of God's presence and love.

O God, Thy servant guard !
 To Thee for help I flee.
 I said to God, ' Thou art my Lord ;
 I have no wealth but Thee ;

' I in Thy saints on earth,
 And noble ones delight.'
 Woes shall be theirs in countless birth,
 Who with strange gods unite.

To such will I ne'er make
 Drink-offerings of blood ;
 Nor ever on my lips will take
 The name of one false god.

Jehovah is my share
 In Israel's wide domain ;
 The portion of my cup ;—for here
 My lot dost Thou maintain.

The lines have fallen to me
In pleasant places, Lord !
Yea, and a portion fair to see
Have I through Thee secured.

Jehovah will I bless,
Whose counsel guides me right ;
Yea, and my reins by sore distress
Have taught me in the night.

I have both nights and days
Jehovah's presence loved :
Because upon my right He stays,
I ne'er shall be removed.

My heart was therefore glad,
Great joy my tongue expressed ;
The flesh, wherewith I now am glad,
In safety still shall rest.

For in the depths of hell
My soul Thou wilt not leave ;
Nor wilt Thou let Thy loved one feel
Corruption in the grave.

To me wilt Thou make known
The path of life's bright way :
Fulness of joys before Thy face ;
Bliss at Thy right for aye.

PSALM XVII.

The prayer of conscious integrity.

LORD, hear the right ; attend Thou to my cry ;
 Bow down Thine ear
 To what my lips in all simplicity
 Would ask in prayer :
 O let my sentence go forth from Thy sight,
 And with Thine ears regard the cause of right.

Jehovah, Thou hast tried and proved mine heart ;
 At night hast Thou
 Held visitation of its inward part ;
 Yea, through and through
 Hast tested me, and findest nought amiss ;
 I am resolved : my mouth shall not transgress.

Whate'er the doings of ungodly men,
 I, by the word
 Thy lips have spoken, from the paths of sin
 Have kept me, Lord.
 Because my treadings to Thy paths have clung,
 My footsteps thence have ne'er been moved to wrong.

To Thee, Lord, have I cried, for Thou from high
 Wilt answer make :
 Incline Thine ear to me, when I
 Thy suppliant speak.
 Show me Thy wondrous love, who savest those
 That flee to Thee from Thy right hand's proud foes !

O keep me as the apple of an eye,
And secretly ;
When 'neath the shadow of Thy wings I fly,
My refuge be
From wicked men, who tread me to the ground,
My greedy foes who compass me around.

Engrossed in self, their lips speak haughtily ;
Where'er we go,
They gather round, and seek with watchful eye
Our overthrow :
Like as a lion keen his prey to tear,
And a young lion, lurking in his lair.

Arise, and go Thou forth to meet him, Lord,
And bow him down ;
From wicked men by Thy resistless sword
Guard Thou Thine own ;
From men, with Thine own hand, Lord ! worldly men,
Rich in this life, whom Thou fulfill'st with gain ;

Who have rich store of sons ; and, when they die,
Their wealth will be
A portion left to their posterity :
But as for me,
In righteousness shall I behold Thy face,
Content, when waking, with its loveliness.

PSALM XVIII.

A psalm of thanksgiving.

I DEARLY love Thee, Lord ! my might !
 Deliverer mine in peril's hour !
 My rock, my fort, my sheltering height !
 My shield, salvation's horn, and tower !

Upon Jehovah, Lord Most High,
 I still will call with suppliant cries !
 No praise so worthy ; so shall I
 Be saved from all mine enemies.

The cords of death had girt me round ;
 The floods of sin made me afraid ;
 The cords of hell were round me bound ;
 The snares of death about me laid.

In my distress I called on God,
 On mine own God, with cries and tears :
 He heard my voice from His abode :
 My prayer before Him reached His ears.

The earth was moved with heaving thro'e ;
 The mountains to their base did quake ;
 They reeled and tottered to and fro,
 Because the Lord in anger spake.

From out His nostrils in His ire
 Ascending wreaths of dense smoke came ;
 And from His mouth devouring fire,
 A blast of coals red-hot with flame.

He bowed the heavens, and came from high ;
 Thick darkness 'neath His feet was spread ;
 He rode a cherub, and did fly ;
 On wings of wind He swiftly sped.

With darkness upon every side
 His habitation He enshrouds ;
 E'en with dark waters' gloomy tide,
 And mirky skies' obscuring clouds.

His clouds before His brightness passed,—
 Hot fiery coals and hailstones dire ;
 God spake from heaven in thunder's blast,—
 Hailstones and coals of flaming fire !

Jehovah sent His arrows forth ;—
 His foes were scattered round about :
 And lightnings numberless on earth ;—
 His foes fell back in hopeless rout !

Then were the depths of ocean seen,
 And earth's foundations bared beneath,
 Jehovah ! at Thy chidings keen,
 The blasting of Thy nostrils' breath.

God stooped from heaven ;—He seized on me ;—
 He drew me from the seething flood ;
 From my strong foe He set me free,
 And man's o'erpowering hate withstood.

They came on me in my distress ;
 But God, my stay, was ever near ;
 He brought me to an open space ;
 He frees me, for He holds me dear.

As I was just, was God's reward ;
 He as mine hands were clean, repaid.
 For I have walked before the Lord,
 Nor basely from my God have strayed.

For all His laws I keep in sight,
 Nor from me His commandments spurn :
 Before Him have I walked upright,
 And to my sin would ne'er return.

As I was just, was God's reward ;
 As in His sight mine hands were clean.
 Good with the good art Thou, O Lord !
 And upright t'ward the upright man ;

Pure art Thou to the pure in heart,
 And froward to the froward race :
 Yea, Thou dost take the humble's part,
 And high and haughty looks abase.

Thou also mak'st my candle bright,
 My darkness to be dark no more :
 For hosts in Thee I put to flight,
 And through my God their walls leap o'er.

All-perfect is Jehovah's way ;
 His word, like precious ore, is tried ;
 He is a shield and perfect stay
 To such as in His love confide.

For who is God except the Lord ?
 Who save our God a rock of might ?
 He girds strength round me like a cord ;
 He makes my goings here upright.

My feet He wingeth like the hart's,
And sets me up on my high hill.
He trains my hands in warlike arts,
Mine arm can break a bow of steel.

And Thou hast given me for a shield
Thy saving health 'gainst adverse fate :
Thy hands uphold me in the field ;
Thy lowliness hath made me great.

Thou hast made room for me to go
'Neath me, so that my steps are sure.
I chased and overtook the foe ;
Nor turned until they were no more.

I shattered them, till, helpless, they
Fell down beneath my feet, for Thou
With strength didst gird me for the fray,
And 'neath me my assailants bow.

Thou mad'st them turn their backs to me,
And those that hate me I put out.
They cried,—but could no Saviour see ;—
Unto the Lord,—He answered not.

E'en as the dust, that lightly fleets
Before the wind, I beat them small ;
Yea, as the mire along the streets,
I emptied out my foemen all.

Freed from the people's stripes by Thee,
Nations Thou madest me rule o'er ;
A people now is serving me,
Whom I had never known before.

They, at the hearing of the ear,
 Fawned on me ; aliens cringing came ;
 The aliens languished, and drew near
 Out of their holds in trembling shame.

Jehovah lives, and blessed be
 My Rock, extolled my Saviour God,
 The God Who vengeance gave to me,
 And peoples under me subdued ;

Who freed me from mine enemies,
 Yea, set me up o'er every foe ;
 Safe from the fiercest's injuries.

Thanks, therefore, everywhere I'll show,
 O Lord ! and to Thy name will sing,
 Who love and safety doth assure
 To David His anointed king,
 And David's seed for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

The praise of Jehovah in the firmament and in the law.

THE heavens declare God's glory,
 The skies His skill proclaim :
 Each day pours forth the story,
 Each night repeats the same ;
 Nor speech nor sound possessing,
 Their voices are not heard ;
 But, through all lands progressing,
 Their words earth's ends have stirred ;
 Wherein the Lord hath for the sun
 Prepared his high pavilion.

As from his chamber goeth
A bridegroom, young and gay,
A giant's joy he showeth
To run his course by day :
From out one end of heaven
Each morn doth he appear,
And, speeding on till even
Illumes its other sphere,
He sweeps the skies from side to side,
And nothing from his heat can hide.

God's law is perfect, turning
To Him the soul that strays ;
Sure is His witness, learning
The simple wisdom's ways ;
Right are His statutes, brightening
The heart oppressed with care ;
Pure His commands, enlightening
The eye that sees not clear.
God's fear is clean, and aye hath stood ;
His judgments true and wholly good.

More precious is their treasure
Than gold, yea, much fine ore ;
And sweeter beyond measure
Than honey's dropping store.
Thy servant findeth warning
In them, moreover, Lord !
And, keeping them, is earning
A great and full reward.
Unpurposed errors who may see ?
From unknown faults, oh, hold me free !

Presumptuous sins of passion,
 Ne'er let them rule o'er me ;
 Then from the great transgression
 I clear and pure shall be ;
 Let every supplication
 My lips express aright,
 With my heart's meditation,
 Be pleasing in Thy sight,
 Jehovah ! who for evermore
 Art my Redeemer and my Tower !

PSALM XX.

The prayer of the people for God's Anointed.

THE PEOPLE.

GOD hear thee in the troublous day ;
 The name of Jacob's God defend ;
 From Zion's courts be He thy stay,
 And succour send.

Regard thy gifts of every kind ;
 Accept thy sacrifice by fire ;
 And grant whate'er in heart and mind
 Thou dost desire.

We in thy safety would rejoice,
 And in God's name our banners wave :
 The Lord perform whate'er thy voice
 In prayer would crave.

THE KING OR THE PRIEST.

Now know I God protects His king ;
He will from heaven attend his prayer ;
And by His mighty right hand bring
Salvation near.

Their trust in chariots some proclaim,
Whilst upon horses some rely :
But we will trust Jehovah's name,
Our God most high.

They have bowed down, yea, prone they fall ;
But we have risen and firmly stood.

THE PEOPLE.

Save Thou the king, and, when we call,
Reply, O God !

PSALM XXI.

The thanksgiving of the people for God's Anointed.

THE PEOPLE.

IN Thy strength, Jehovah,
Doth the king rejoice ;
And in Thy salvation
Joy with lifted voice.

Thou hast granted to him
 All his heart's desire ;
 And withholden from him
 Nought his lips require.

For with goodly blessings
 Thou forestallest him ;
 On his forehead setting
 A gold diadem.

Life to him Thou gavest,
 When he prayed to Thee ;
 That his days in reigning
 Numberless should be.

Great through Thy salvation
 Is his glorious name :
 Thou hast laid upon him
 Majesty and fame.

For with endless blessings
 Hast Thou made him full ;
 And with joy before Thee
 Cheerest Thou his rule.

For the king confideth
 In the Lord ; and he,
 Through the Most High's mercy,
 Still unmoved shall be.

THE PRIEST ADDRESSETH THE KING.

All that fight against thee
 Shall thy hand reach o'er ;
 Thy right hand shall find out
 Them that hate thee sore.

As a fiery furnace
Shalt thou make thy foes,
In the time thine anger
Hotly 'gainst them glows.

In His wrath Jehovah
Shall consume them all ;
And devouring lightnings
On their heads shall fall.

Thou from out earth's borders
Shalt destroy their fruit ;
And from 'mong men's children
All their seed uproot.

For to do thee evil
Was their only thought :
They imagined mischief,
But accomplished nought.

For thine hand shall make them
Take to flight in shame ;
On thy bowstrings 'gainst them
Taking deadly aim.

THE PEOPLE.

Lord, be Thou exalted
In Thy strength ! so we,
Of Thy might discoursing,
Will sing praise to Thee.

PSALM XXII.

'On the Hind of the Morn,'

OR,

Light breaking in suddenly on one persecuted to the death.

My God, my God ! why in my grief
 Hast Thou forsaken me ? and why
 Art Thou so far from my relief,
 And from my words of agony ?

My God ! unheard, by day I groan,
 And in the night my voice I raise ;
 And Thou art holy, and Thy throne
 Stands up above all Israel's praise.

On Thee our fathers did rely,
 On Thee ;—and Thou didst set them free !
 To Thee they cried ; Thy help was nigh ;
 They knew not shame through faith in Thee.

But I—a worm, no man, am I !—
 Am scorned and spurned by all man's seed :
 Who see me, mock me jeeringly ;
 They shoot the lip, and shake the head.

'Now lean on God !' say they ; 'from doom
 Let Him, who loves him, set him free !'
 For Thou didst take me from the womb ;
 My trust was at the breast in Thee.

On Thee, Lord ! from the womb I lean ;
 Thou art my God since I was born :
 Go not far from me ; grief and pain
 Are hard at hand, and I forlorn.

For many bulls about me stay,
 And Bashan's strong ones hedge me round :
 As lions, ravening for their prey,
 They gape on me with roaring sound.

Like water is my life outpoured ;
 My bones are twisted out of place :
 My heart, within my body stored,
 Like wax, that melts away apace.

My strength is, as a potsherd, dry ;
 My parched tongue cleaveth to my teeth ;
 And Thou, through all my misery,
 Dost bring me to the dust of death.

For dogs prowl round ; and wicked ones
 In hosts lay siege against me here :
 Pierced hand and foot, I tell my bones ;
 While men upon me look and stare.

My garments 'mong them they divide,
 And lots upon my vesture cast :
 But, Lord ! keep near me,—by my side !
 To help me, O my Strength ! make haste.

O save me from the sword they bear,
 My darlings from these bloodhounds' power ;
 Out of the lion's mouth ; and hear
 As neath the oxen's horns I cower.

So to mine own will I Thy name,
 Thy praise amid the assembly, tell.
 Who fear the Lord, His praise proclaim ;
 Laud, Jacob's seed ! fear, Israel !

God scorns nor spurns the helpless' woe,
 Nor hides from him, but hears his prayer,
 From Thee my public praises flow ;
 My vows I'll pay 'mong those that fear.

The meek shall eat, yea, shall be filled ;
 Who seek for God shall Him adore.
 O let your heart, with gladness thrilled,
 Rejoice in Him for evermore.

The farthest corners of the earth,
 Remembering Him, shall turn to God :
 All nations, an unnumbered birth,
 Shall worship Him in Thine abode.

For sovereignty is of the Lord,
 And 'mongst all nations He bears rule,
 All they have eaten and adored,
 Who with good things on earth are full.

All they, that to the dust descend,
 Shall bow before Him and adore ;
 And none can his own soul pretend
 To keep alive by his own power.

A seed shall serve Him ; and their seed
 Shall hear of God, and, in their turn,
 Declare His righteousness in deed
 To those hereafter to be born.

PSALM XXIII.

The loving care of God.

JEHOVAH is my Shepherd,
No want then can I know ;
In pastures green He'll feed me,
And gently forth will lead me,
Where restful waters flow.

My soul will He recover
From ways of sin and shame ;
And ever be beside me,
In godly paths to guide me,
Because of His great name.

Yea, though through death's dark valley
I pass, I still will fear
No ill, for Thou art near me ;
Thy rod, Thy staff, to cheer me,
Shall even there appear.

Thou wilt prepare a table
For me before my foes ;
Mine head hast Thou appointed
With oil to be anointed ;
My brimming cup o'erflows.

Only shall love and mercy
Pursue me, day by day ;
And I shall have my dwelling,
Great length of days fulfilling,
In the Lord's house for aye.

PSALM XXIV.

God is the Creator of the world; who may come into His presence ?

THE earth and all that therein is,
 The world and all mankind are God's ;
 For He hath set it o'er the seas,
 And made it fast above the floods.
 Who shall ascend Jehovah's hill ?
 Who in His holy temple dwell ?

The answer.

He clean of hands and pure of heart,
 Ne'er sold to sin, nor sworn to lies :
 He in God's blessing shall have part,
 God's saving grace in rich supplies.
 Such are the men to seek His face,
 E'en Thine, Thou God of Israel's race !

A CHOIR OF PRIESTS, APPROACHING THE GATES OF ZION,
 CLAIM ADMISSION FOR THE ARK.

Lift up your heads on high, ye gates !
 Eternal doors ! uplifted be :
 Without the King of Glory waits.

WARDERS REPLY FROM WITHIN.

The King of Glory ! who is He ?

CHOIR OF PRIESTS.

The Lord of endless power and might ;
 The Lord Omnipotent in fight.

CHOIR OF PRIESTS REPEAT THEIR SUMMONS.

Lift up your heads on high, ye gates !
 Eternal doors ! uplifted be :
 Without the King of Glory waits.

WARDERS REPLY FROM WITHIN.

The King of Glory ; who is He ?

CHOIR OF PRIESTS.

The Lord of Hosts ;—'tis He alone
 That is as King of Glory known.

PSALM XXV.

An appeal to God from Israel personified for protection and guidance.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

A FTER Thee my thoughts, Lord ! rise ;
 Make me, for I trust but Thee,
 B old before mine enemies ;
 Neither let them boast o'er me.

C over not Thy saints with shame ;
 But confound my wanton foes,
 D o Thou, Lord, Thy ways proclaim,
 And Thy paths to me disclose.

E xercise me in Thy word,
 Saviour, Whom I seek all day :
 G rant me still Thy mercy, Lord !
 And Thy love of old display.

H eed no more my sins of youth ;
 Let Thy former love return :
 I n the Lord is grace and truth ;
 Sinners thus His ways shall learn.

J udgment to the meek He shows,
 And instructs them in His way :
 L ove and truth it is to those
 Who His league and law obey.

M ercy for Thy name's sake show
 To my sin, Lord, which is great :
 N ote the man who fears God now ;
 He directs his goings straight.

O nly he shall dwell at ease,
 And his seed the land divide :
 P lain the saint God's secret sees,
 And His covenant is his guide.

R aised to God mine eyes remain ;
 He will pluck me from the net :
 S ee my plight ; relieve my pain,
 Left alone, with woes beset.

T roubles seize me, set me free ;
 Bring me out of anguish keen :
 U p, Lord ! all my sorrow see,
 And forgive me all my sin.

V erily my foes increase ;
 And they hate me cruelly :
 W atch o'er me, and give me peace ;
 Shame me not ; I trust in Thee.

Y ea, my shield let goodness prove ;
 For on Thee my hopes repose :
 Z ion's God ! redeem in love
 Israel out of all his woes !

PSALM XXVI.

Innocency a preparation for going to God's altar.

JUDGE me, O Lord ! for truly I
 Have walked in mine integrity :
 And in Jehovah I confide ;
 My footsteps therefore shall not slide.

O test and try me, Lord ! I pray ;
 My reins and heart within assay !
 For I Thy mercy keep in sight,
 And in Thy truth have walked upright.

I have not sat among the vain,
 And will not go with knavish men :
 I hate to be where sinners meet,
 And with the wicked will not sit.

I'll wash mine hands in guilelessness,
 And thus, Lord, t'ward Thine altar press ;
 Aloud my thanks to utter there,
 And all Thy wondrous works declare.

I've loved Thy temple's home,—the shrine
 Where dwells Thy glory all-divine ;
 With sinners gather not, O God,
 My soul, my life with men of blood.

Whose hands hold outrages concealed,
And their right hand with bribes is filled.
But, as for me, unspotted, I
Will walk in mine integrity.

Redeem Thou me from all my woe,
And pity for Thy servant show.
My foot stands firm on level ways ;
The Lord in public will I praise.

PSALM XXVII.

He need not fear, whose life is hid in God.

JEHOVAH is my health and light,
Who shall my fears awake ?
Jehovah is my life and might,
At whom have I to quake ?

When evil-doers round me closed
To eat my flesh, then all
The foes,—to me alone opposed,—
THEY stumbled and did fall.

Although an host were 'gainst me laid,
Nought shall my heart appal ;
Yea, though in war they were arrayed,
Yet will I trust through all.

One thing I've asked the Lord to give,
That will I seek for still ;
That I may all the days I live
Within His House may dwell.

Upon the beauty of the Lord
 To gaze with raptured eyes,
 And contemplate with joy outpoured
 His palace boundaries.

For, in His tent's bower treasuring me,
 Safe from all troubles' shock,
 He'll hide me in its sanctuary,
 And lift me on a rock.

And, therefore, now my head shall be
 Exalted high, and rise
 O'er those on every side of me,
 Who are mine enemies.

Fain would I make in His tent's bower
 Offerings of joy outpoured :
 Fain would I sing, and praises shower
 In anthems on the Lord.

Hear, Lord ; to Thee my voice I raise ;
 In pity hear me speak :
 My heart hath said, 'SEEK YE MY FACE !
 Thy face, Lord, will I seek.'

Hide not Thy face from me, nor put
 Thine own in wrath away :
 Thou wast mine help ; reject me not,
 Nor leave me, God my stay !

Father and mother may forsake ;—
 The Lord will draw me close :
 Show me Thy way, O Lord ! and make
 Mine plain before my foes.

Ne'er give me o'er to my foes' greed,
 For 'gainst my life arise
 False witnesses, yea, those indeed,
 Who breathe out cruel lies.

O had I not felt sure to see
 God's love where none can die ! . . .
 Wait, faint heart ! strong, courageous be ;
 Wait for the Lord Most High !

PSALM XXVIII.

God is His people's strength.

LORD ! to Thee I lift my cry ;
 Be not deaf, my Rock ! to me,
 Lest, if Thou should'st silent be,
 I become like them that die.

To my suppliant voice incline,
 When my cry to Thee I raise ;
 Lifting up mine hands in praise
 To Thy chancel's inmost shrine.

Drag me not with men of sin,
 And ill-doers, to my fall ;
 Men, whose tongues speak peace to all,
 While their hearts are false within.

Give them, Lord ! as they have done,
 Evil, as their deeds have been ;
 Yea, according to their sin,
 Pay them their deserts each one.

Since they count God's doings vain,
 Nor regard what He hath wrought ;
 To the ground shall they be brought,
 Never to be built again.

Praise the Lord, for He gave ear,
 When my voice to Him appealed ;
 He my stronghold is and shield ;
 I had faith, and help drew near.

Therefore doth mine heart for joy
 Dance within me, and for lays,
 Lifted to Jehovah's praise,
 All my powers will I employ.

He's His people's strength ; a tower
 Guarding His Anointed's throne :
 Save Thy people, bless Thine own,
 Feed, sustain them evermore.

PSALM XXIX.

God's glory displayed in the storm.

GIVE the Lord, ye angels bright !
 Give Him glory, give Him might :
 Honour to the Lord proclaim,
 Honour due unto His name ;
 And in worship,
 Robed in white, exalt His fame.

Hark ! His voice comes boooming o'er
Ocean's waves, as thunder's roar ;
He is over many a sea :
Hark ! His voice sounds mightily ;
God of glory !
'Tis a voice of majesty.

Hark ! the cedar-trees it cleaves,
Lebanon's the Lord upheaves ;
Like a calf He makes them leap,
Lebanon and Sirion's steep
Gambol fawn-like :
Lightnings forked through heaven sweep.

Hark ! His voice the desert shakes,
Kadesh' trembling desert quakes ;
Teeming hinds feel nature's throes,
Forests lay their honours low :
Shouting 'Glory !'
All within His Temple bow.

Seated o'er the mighty flood,
King Eternal reigns our God !
'Tis Jehovah, who alone
Doth with strength His people crown ;
'Tis Jehovah
Who with peace shall bless His own.

PSALM XXX.

Restoration of one who had fallen through self-confidence.

THY name, Lord, will I magnify ;
For Thou hast set me up on high,
Nor made mine enemies o'er me
To boast themselves in victory.

Lord God, I cried, and Thou didst save ;
My soul Thou broughtest from the grave :
To life hast Thou recalled me, Lord,
From those in death's dark pit immured.

O, to Jehovah songs of praise,
All ye His loving ones, upraise !
And, by the thanks which ye proclaim,
Commemorate His holy name.

His anger in a breath is past ;
His favour for a life will last.
At eventide may enter tears,
But joy with morning light appears.

Lo, I had said in fortune's day,
'I never shall be cast away !'
Thou in Thy favour, Lord, hadst made
My mountain stand so strong and staid.

But Thou didst hide Thy face, and I
Was then confounded utterly.
Jehovah, thus I cried to Thee,
Thus to Jehovah made my plea :

‘ What profit is there in my blood ?
 In my descent to death’s abode ?
 Can dust its thanks to Thee express ?
 Can it declare Thy truthfulness ?

‘ Hear, and have pity on me, Lord !
 Jehovah, help to me afford !’
 Turning my grief to glee, hast Thou
 With joy, for sackcloth, girt me now.

That glory thus in accents loud
 Might sing Thy praise. O Lord my God !
 With grateful thanks will I adore
 Thy name henceforth for evermore.

PSALM XXXI.

The persecuted man is delivered and honoured ‘even before the sons of men.’

IN Thee hath been my trust ;
 Ne’er put me, Lord, to shame :
 But, as Thou art both good and just,
 My liberty proclaim.

Incline Thine ear to me,
 And to my rescue speed ;
 My Rock of might, my fortress, be,
 To save me in my need.

For Thou, my castle tried,
 And strong Rock, art in strife :
 And Thou wilt for Thy name’s sake guide,
 And lead me on through life.

From out the hidden net
Which they have laid for me,
Wilt Thou release my tangled feet,
And still my stronghold be.

Into Thine hands above
My spirit I entrust ;
For Thou hast bought me in Thy love,
O Lord, most true and just !

I hate all them that hold
Of lying vanities ;
Yea, as for me, my trust of old
But on the Lord relies.

O let Thy mercies shown
Rejoice and make me glad,
That Thou hast seen my woe, and known
My soul, when it was sad.

Thou in my foemen's hand
Hast ne'er imprisoned me ;
But ever set my feet to stand
Where there was liberty.

Thy love, Lord, let me taste,
For I am in distress ;
Mine eye, my soul, my body waste,
For very heaviness.

My life is spent with sighs,
My years through grief and woes ;
Strength fails through mine iniquities,
My bones pine through my foes.

'Mongst all my friends am I
 A sore reproach become ;
 To all those men especially
 Who dwell about my home.

The friends I oftenest meet
 Now look on me with dread ;
 Yea, when they see me in the street,
 Away from me have fled.

I have been clean forgot,
 As dead men out of mind :
 And, as a marred and broken pot,
 Am outcast from mankind.

A crowd's lies have I heard ;
 Fear all around is rife :
 While they with one accord conferred,
 And plotted 'gainst my life.

But, Lord ! I hope in Thee ;
 'Thou art my God !' I cry.
 ' My times are Thine, O set me free,
 Whom foemen sorely try ! '

Thy face, Lord, let me see,
 And save me in Thy love :
 Lord, let me ne'er confounded be,
 Who call on Thee above !

Such shame be on my foes,
 And silence in the grave.
 Those scornful, proud, and false lips close,
 That 'gainst the righteous rave.

How great Thy mercy's store
 Laid up for them that fear,
 And wrought for them, all men before,
 That hide them in Thee here !

Beneath Thy presence bright,
 Concealed from earthly wrongs,
 Thou keep'st them in a bower of light
 From strife of angry tongues.

Blest be the Lord, for He
 Hath showed of endless grace
 His marvellous great love to me
 Within a fenced place.

In mine alarm I said,
 'I from before Thine eyes
 Am cut away ;' but when I prayed,
 Thou heard'st my suppliant cries.

Ye saints, O love the Lord,
 For He preserves the true :
 And plenteously doth He reward
 All those that proudly do.

Be brave, and let your heart
 Be strong to do His will,
 All ye that ne'er from Him depart,
 But wait upon Him still !

PSALM XXXII.

Sin confessed; forgiven; and subdued.

HAPPY he whose sin and shame
Is removed and covered o'er ;
To whom God imputes not blame,
And whose heart from guile is pure.

For, while still I held my tongue,
All my bones consumed away,
Through the groanings from me wrung
Every moment of the day.

For Thine hand oppressed me sore,
Day and night with weary weight :
Parching fever closed each pore,
Like a drought in summer heat.

All my sins to Thee I show,
Nor have hid my guilt and shame :
'God,' I said, 'my faults shall know ;'
So would'st Thou no longer blame.

Prayerful, whilst Thou may'st be found,
Let the godly therefore be :
Surely, when the floods surround,
They shall not come nigh to Thee.

Refuge but in Thee I take ;
Thou wilt keep me safe from woe :
Songs of freedom wilt Thou make
Freely from my lips to flow.

‘ I will teach,’ I hear Thee say,
 ‘ And inform thee from on high
 In the good and perfect way,
 Watching o’er thee with Mine eye.

‘ Be ye not as horse and mule,
 That devoid of reason be :
 Whom a bit and bridle rule,
 Else they will not come to thee.’

To the wicked and unjust
 Sorrows of all kinds abound :
 But, who make the Lord their trust,
 Loving mercies such surround.

O ye saints in God rejoice !
 Gladly in His praise take part :
 Shout for joy with lifted voice,
 All that are upright in heart.

PSALM XXXIII.

Zehovah is the God of Creation, Providence, and Grace.

BE glad in the Lord,
 Ye righteous ! for well
 The just it becomes
 With thanks to rejoice :
 His praise on harp, viol,
 And harpsichord tell ;
 To Him in fresh anthems
 Uplifting the voice.

Lord ! true is Thy word,
Thy doings all just :
Thy judgments are right ;
Earth teems with Thy good :
Thy word made the heavens ;
Thy breath all their host ;
Thou heap'st up the ocean ;
Thou stor'est the flood.

O earth, fear the Lord ;
Ye peoples, adore.
He spake,—it was made !
He bade,—it stood fast !
God mars heathen counsels,
Destroying their power :
Whilst His through all ages
For ever shall last.

Thrice blest is the realm
Whose God is the Lord :
And blest are the tribes
He takes for His own.
On men out of heaven
The Lord looks abroad :
On earth to Jehovah
All dwellers are known.

He only can frame
The hearts of them all ;
Whatever their work,
'Tis done in His sight :
A king, if he trust to
His legions, will fall ;
No giant can safely
Depend on his might.

A horse will as naught
 To guard a man prove ;
 Not one may he save
 By strength or by speed.
 God's eye marks who fear Him,
 Or trust in His love ;
 From death to preserve them,
 In famine to feed.
 We wait for our help
 And shield in the Lord :
 In God we rejoice,
 And hope in His name.
 O Lord ! may Thy mercy
 On us be outpoured :
 As trust in Thee only
 We ever proclaim.

PSALM XXXIV.

An exhortation to praise God for His mercies.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

- A LWAY will I bless the Lord ;
 Ever praise Him with my voice :
- B east in Him with heart and word ;
 Humble hearers shall rejoice.
- C ome and praise the Lord Most High ;
 Let us all exalt His name !
- D uly sought, He gave reply,
 Saving me from sin and shame.
- E yes are bright that on Him gaze ;
 Shame such faces ne'er shall know :
- F or the poor man, when he prays,
 God doth hear, and save from woe.

G od's help sets His servants free,
For His angels round them rest.

J ust is God ; O taste and see ;
He that trusts in Him is blest.

K eep, ye saints, Jehovah's fear ;
Such shall lack nor friends nor food :
L ions lack and hunger here ;
Saints shall want for nothing good.

M ark, my children, whilst I give
Counsel as to godly ways :
N eeds must he, who lusts to live,
And would fain see happy days,

O rder all his words aright,
And his lips to speak no guile :
P ut off sin, in good delight ;
Seek and follow peace the while.

R ighteous men doth God regard,
And will hear them when they pray.
S et 'against sinners is the Lord :
Hence will He root such away.

T urning to the righteous' cry,
God released them from their woe :
U nto contrite spirits nigh,
Broken hearts He saveth too.

V ast is every good man's care,—
God releases him from all :
W atching o'er his bones, that ne'er
One be broken, should he fall.

Y et shall evil sinners slay :
 Scourges those that good men hate.
 Z ealous servants God will stay :
 Saints shall not be desolate.

PSALM XXXV.

Jehovah's judgments imprecated on those who hate and persecute their former friend.

My cause with mine impleaders plead,
 Lord ! fight 'gainst them that fight 'gainst me :
 Grasp shield and buckler, and indeed
 Stand up my helper now to be.

Draw out the battle-axe and spear
 'Gainst those that persecute me so :
 Say to my soul, ' Behold Me near,
 Thy saving health in all thy woe ! '

Let there be shame and ruin brought
 On those that 'gainst my soul arise :
 And dire defeat and hopeless rout
 On all that would my hurt devise.

As chaff, wind-driven, let them be,
 And let God's angel thrust them through :
 Make their way dark and slippery,
 Whilst after them he doth pursue.

For wantonly have they hid snares,
 And for my soul digged up a pit ;
 Let death come on him unawares,
 And he be caught in his own net.

So shall my soul in God rejoice,
And glad in His salvation be :
My bones, with loud exultant voice,
Shall say, ' Lord, who is like to Thee !

' Who dost deliver him in woe -
From men who boast superior might :
The poor and needy from the foe,
Whose spoiling hand attacks his right.'

False witnesses arise, and lay
Things to my charge I have not known :
My good with evil they repay,
And I am friendless and alone.

But sackcloth I was wont to wear,
When they with sickness were oppressed :
I fasted humbly ; and my prayer
Shall turn again to mine own breast.

Softly and slow, as though it had
My friend or brother been, I stept :
I bent, in weeds of mourning clad,
As one who for his mother wept.

But, when I fell, then they, to plot
Against me, met with hearts well-pleased,--
Abjcts and men that I knew not !—
They jeered at me, and never ceased.

With those, who scoff with barbarous cries,
They gnash their teeth upon me, Lord !
How long wilt Thou look on ? arise,
And save me from their wasting sword !

My darling from the lions free ;
So thanks to Thee will I upraise
Amid the throng, and render Thee
Among much people grateful praise.

Let not my reckless enemies
With triumph o'er me be elate :
Nor let them wink with scornful eyes,
That causelessly thy servant hate.

They speak not peace ; but treachery
Against the quiet they devise :
Their mouth is opened wide at me,
' Ha ! ha ! we saw it with our eyes ! '

Thou seest, Lord ! O why not speak ?
Jehovah, be not far from me :
Arise, and for my rights awake ;
My God and Lord, my pleader be.

Right me, as Thou art righteous, Lord !
No triumph o'er me let them know ;
Nor let them say in heart or word,
' Ha ! we would have it even so.'

O let them never have to say,
' We have devoured our enemy :'
Drive those in shameful rout away,
That my misfortune joy to see.

Clothe them with shame and obloquy,
That boast themselves against my right :
But let those lift a joyous cry,
Who in my righteousness delight.

Yea, let them say, ' The Lord be blest,
 Who joys to see His own do well !'
 Thy goodness then and praise confess
 My thoughtful tongue all day shall tell.

PSALM XXXVI.

The wickedness of the wicked, and the goodness of God.

DEEP in the sinner's heart sin's promptings rise :
 He hath no fear of God before his eyes :
 For sure it seems to him that by the Lord
 His sin is both unknown and unabhorred.

The words he speaks are guile and blasphemy :
 Wisdom no longer for good deeds hath he :
 Sin on his bed he schemes, and strives no more
 To walk upright, nor evil to abhor.

Thy loving-kindness is in heaven on high ;
 Thy truth, Jehovah, reacheth to the sky ;
 Thy righteousness is like God's mountain-steep ;
 Thy judgments as the vast unfathomed deep.

Both man and beast dost Thou preserve, O Lord !
 O God, how precious is Thy love outpoured !
 A safe resort the children of mankind
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wings shall find.

Fulfilled and overflowing shall they be
 With all the fatness of Thy sanctuary !
 And Thou wilt give them, as their drink divine,
 The stream of pleasures that are only Thine.

For in Thy presence is life's fountain bright ;
 And in Thy light alone do we see light ;
 Thy love to them that know Thee still impart ;
 Thy righteousness to those upright in heart.

Let not the foot of pride upon me come,
 Nor sinners' hands expel me from my home.
 There are they fallen, all who sin devise :
 Thrust down are they, no more henceforth to rise.

PSALM XXXVII.

An alphabetical psalm.

A GAINST the godless chafe not thou,
 Nor envy those whose deeds are sin ;
 They shall, like grass, be soon laid low,
 And wither as the herb now green.

B e doing good ; trust God in heaven ;
 Dwell here in glad security.
 Let thy fond love to Him be given :
 And thy heart's prayer He'll grant to thee.

C ommit thy way to God above :
 Trust Him, and He shall see it done.
 Thy goodness clear as light shall prove ;
 Thy judgments as the noonday sun.

D well in the Lord ; wait for Him still :
 Chafe not at him that prospers here ;
 Against the man, whose thoughts of ill
 In deeds of wickedness appear.

E schew all wrath ; let anger go ;
Chafe not thyself, lest thou do wrong :
For soon shall sinners be laid low :
Who wait for God shall live on long.

F ew years, and sinners shall not stand :
Yea, thou shalt look, nor find his place ;
But meek ones shall possess the land,
Refreshed with plenitude of peace.

G o to, who 'gainst the just are sworn,
And gnash your teeth upon him here.
Jehovah laughs your plots to scorn :
For He has seen your day draws near.

H ave ye drawn sword and bent the bow,
The poor, the lone, the just to slay ?
Your weapon through your heart shall go ;
Your bows be broken in the fray.

I s not the little good men have
Far better than much godless gold ?
For wicked men no arms can save :
But just men doth the Lord uphold.

J ehovah knows the perfect's life :
Their lot shall stand for evermore ;
They shall not fail in times of strife ;
In famine He will fill their store.

K now that the godless shall decay,
And, as the fat of lambs by fire,
God's enemies shall melt away ;
Yea, melt as smoke before His ire.

Loving are good men, free of hand :
 But loans the godless ne'er repay.
 The saints of God shall hold the land :
 Those cursed of Him shall thence decay.

Moreover, God the just doth guide,
 And in his ways takes great delight :
 He, though he fall, is at his side ;
 His hand upholds him still upright.

Never yet, in youth or age, saw I
 The just forlorn, his seed distressed :
 Their love will others' wants supply ;
 Their seed for evermore is blest.

O flee from sin, in good delight,
 And length of days shalt thou receive.
 God loveth what is just and right ;
 And His beloved will never leave.

Proud men shall feel God's chastening hand ;
 The godless seed shall be outcast ;
 The righteous shall possess the land ;
 Their sojourn there shall ever last.

Real wisdom righteous words impart :
 Of judgment speaks the good man's lip ;
 The law of God is in his heart,
 And never shall his footsteps slip.

Sinners keep watch the just to snare,
 And for a chance to slay them seek ;
 But God will have him in His care ;
 Nor 'gainst them in the judgment speak.

T rust in the Lord, and keep His ways,
 And He shall lift thee presently
 To hold the land ; and, when He slays
 The wicked, thou their end shalt see.

U ngodly men, in power to-day,
 Strong, as green bay-trees, have I seen :
 Yet soon they died and passed away :
 I looked,—'twas as they had not been.

V irtue be thine ; do what is right :
 For that shall bring thee peace at last.
 Destruction sinners shall requite :
 Their seed shall surely be outcast.

Y ea, God the righteous doth befriend ;
 In time of need He strengthens them ;
 Their life from ill will He defend,
 Because their trust is in His name.

PSALM XXXVIII.

The prayer of a penitent.

IN wrath, Lord ! on me frown ;
 In hot ire vex no more :
 For into me thy darts sink down ;
 Thine hands on me press sore.

My flesh is all unsound,
 Since Thou displeased hast been :
 And in my bones no rest is found
 By reason of my sin.

For o'er my head have flowed
My many sins 'gainst Thee :
They are, as 'twere a heavy load,
Too burdensome for me.

The wounds which I endure,
Through acts of folly done,
A foul and noisome stench outpour,
And with corruption run.

Sore bent and bowed am I ;
I mourn away my days :
My loins,—they burn exceedingly ;
My very flesh decays.

Benumbed in every part,
Sore broken and oppressed,
Aloud I roared ; because my heart
Was robbed of all its rest.

Thou seest my wants ; my wail,
Lord, is not hid from Thee ;
My heart doth pant, my strength doth fail ;
My sight hath gone from me.

My friends and comrades stand
Far off from my reproof ;
My kinsmen, all on every hand,
Have held themselves aloof.

They lay their snares for me,
That seek my soul to wrong :
My foes defame, and, secretly,
Plot 'gainst me all day long.

As deaf men's, deaf mine ear ;
 My mouth, as dumb men's, dumb :
 As one that cannot speak nor hear,
 Behold, I am become.

But, Lord, I trust in Thee :
 'Thou, God, wilt hear my voice,'
 I said, 'lest they should boast o'er me,
 And at my fall rejoice.'

For I scarce stand : distress
 Still makes me smart within.
 I will my many faults confess,
 And sorrow for my sin.

Hale are my foes, and strong
 My wanton haters grow :
 They thwart, requiting love with wrong,
 The good that I would do.

Forsake me not, O Lord !
 My God, to me be near !
 Thy speedy succour to afford,
 My Saviour God, appear !

PSALM XXXIX.

The fear of death.

I SAID, 'I will take heed
 To guide my steps aright :
 Lest words of mine should e'er mislead :
 And rein my mouth in, as a steed,
 Whilst in the ungodly's sight.'

Speechless with silence hushed,
 I spake not e'en of good :
 My grief was stirred ; my heart-blood flushed :—
 Forth, as I mused, the hot fire rushed :—
 Then spake my tongue aloud.

Lord, let me know my fate ;
 What length of days is mine :
 That I may see how frail my state !
 Behold ! a little span we wait ;
 Then life to Thee resign.

Mine age is nought to Thee :
 Man's life is but a breath !
 As shadows, quickly hence we flee ;
 Anxious in vain great wealth to see ;—
 Where is it after death ?

What is my hope, now, Lord !
 'Tis Thou my hope shalt be !
 Pardon to all my sins accord,
 Nor let the scoffs of fools be poured
 On one struck dumb by Thee.

O take Thy plague away ;
 Thine heavy hand deals death !
 When Thou in wrath dost sin repay,
 Like moths, dost Thou man's beauty fray ;
 For life is but a breath.

Lord, when to Thee on high
 I bow the suppliant knee,
 Give ear, and listen to my cry :
 O be not deaf to me, when I
 With tears appeal to Thee.

I, as my sires, am still
 A stranger with Thee here,—
 A pilgrim ; spare me yet awhile,
 That 'ere I pass from hence, a smile
 Once more my face may cheer.

PSALM XL.

A prayer for deliverance.

I WAITED, waited for the Lord ;
 He bent and heard me pray :
 He raised me from the pit that roared,
 Out of the swampy clay,
 And set my feet upon the rock,
 Secure from every stumbling-block :

Then in my mouth a new song set,
 E'en praise to God outpoured :
 Many shall see and fear thereat,
 And trust but in the Lord.
 Blest he who trusts in Him, and hath
 Ne'er sought the proud and false men's path.

O Lord my God ! how manifold
 The wonders Thou hast done ;
 Thy deeds and thoughts t'wards us untold :
 Like Thee there is not one !
 I would declare their vast amount :—
 It is too great for me to count !

No sacrifice didst Thou desire ;
 Thou openedst mine ear ;—
 Offerings nor gifts didst Thou require :
 Then said I, ‘I am here,—
 ’Tis in Thy book prescribed for me ;—
 Content to serve Thee cheerfully ;

‘ Deep in my heart Thy counsels dwell.’
 Amid the assembled throng
 Of righteousness I love to tell
 In loud uplifted song :
 Lo ! I will not keep back a word,
 And that Thou knowest well, O Lord !

I never hid Thy righteousness
 Within my heart, but strove
 Thy faithful witness to express,
 And Thy redeeming love :
 Nor from the assembled throng did I
 Conceal Thy truth and clemency.

Thou, in Thy turn, O Lord, from me
 Thy pity ne’er restrain :
 O let Thy truth and clemency
 My constant guard remain.
 For countless woes have coiled round me :
 My sins lay hold ; I cannot see.

They more in number than the hairs
 Upon my head have grown :
 Until mine inmost heart despairs,
 And leaves me all alone.
 Be pleased to set me free, O Lord !
 Make haste Thy succour to afford !

Shame, and abash together, those
 Who seek my soul to kill :
 Turn backward and disgrace the foes
 That wish me only ill.
 Struck dumb for shame's sake let them be,
 That say 'Aha, aha !' to me.

Let all who seek Thy way to know,
 In Thee, their God above,
 Be glad and joyful here below :
 And let all those who love
 Thy saving health, say constantly,
 'All praise unto Jehovah be !'

As for myself, though weak and ill,
 And in great poverty,
 His careful thought Jehovah will
 Bestow on me from high.
 Thou art my Saviour and my stay :
 Make, O my God, no long delay !

PSALM XLI.

*The Psalmist, recovering from sickness, feels deeply the falseness
 and ingratitude of hypocritical friends.*

BLEST is he who taketh thought
 For the wretched and the low :
 His deliverance shall be wrought
 By the Lord in time of woe.

God shall guard and guide his life ;
 And on earth shall he be blest :
 Nor be given o'er in strife,
 By his foes to be opprest.

God will lift his languid head,
 As upon his couch he lies :
 Thou wilt make him all his bed
 In his sorest agonies.

When, 'Lord, spare my life !' I cried ;
 'Heal my soul ; 'gainst Thee I erred :'
 Foemen sneered, "Tis time he died,
 And his name no more were heard.'

If he comes to visit me,
 Lies he speaks ; his heart within
 Gathers to itself what he,
 Going forth, dilates on—*sin*.

All by whom I am abhorred,
 Whispering low, my hurt devise :
 'Tis a judgment on him poured :
 He is down, no more to rise.'

Yea, my friend so near and dear,
 Whom I trusted thoroughly,
 Who my daily bread did share,
 Hath uplift his heel at me.

Lift me, Lord, in love on high !
 Let me all these men requite.
 If no foe shout o'er me, I
 Know that I am Thy delight.

Kept by Thee unsullied, still
 In Thy presence shall I reign.
 Bless the Lord of Israel
 Evermore. Amen, Amen.

BOOK II.

PSALMS XLII. AND XLIII.

The Psalmist, in exile beyond Jordan, longs for home.

PSALM XLII. LIKE as a hart that panteth
 The water-brooks to see :
 So my soul sorely wanteth,
 O God, to be with Thee !

It thirsts for God, yea, even
 The God of all life here :
 Before His throne in heaven,
 O when shall I appear ?

My tears, both night and morning,
 Have been my food, while they
Enquire with bitter scorning,
 'Where is thy God?' all day.

Upon this let me ponder,
 And search my heart within :
How I to God's House yonder
 Once led the people in :

In song and thanks combining,
 While thronging to the feast.
My soul ! why this repining ?
 Why canst thou never rest ?

Trust God ; for still thanksgiving
To Him will I outpour ;
The health my smiles reviving ;
The God whom I adore.

Since grief my soul disorders,
Thee, God, in mind I keep :
From Jordan's farthest borders,
Hermon, and Mizar's steep.

Flood calls to flood, as leaping
From high their falls resound :
Thy waves and breakers, sweeping
O'er me, my soul have drowned.

Yet will Jehovah send me
By day His loving care :
His song at night attend me,—
To my life's God a prayer.

To God, my Rock, appealing,
'Why still forget me so ?
O why, through foes' wrong-dealing,
Thus mourning must I go ?'

As though my bones asunder
In anger they would break,
All those, who keep me under,
With tauntings to me speak.

They ask, till day's declining,
'Where is thy God ?' in jest.
My soul ! why this repining ?
Why canst thou never rest ?

Trust God ; for still thanksgiving
 To Him will I outpour ;
 The health my smiles reviving ;
 The God whom I adore.

PSALM XLIII.

GOD ! judge me ; for me plead Thou
 Against a loveless race :
 From him let me be freed now,
 Whom guilt and guile disgrace.

'Tis Thou whose strength redresseth
 My wrongs : why leave me so ?
 Why, whilst the foe oppresseth,
 Thus mourning must I go ?

Thy light and truth revealing,
 O let them lead me still :
 And bring me to Thy dwelling
 Upon Thy holy hill.

Then I, still onward pressing,
 Will to God's altar go,
 To God, Who rapturous blessing
 Doth on my joy bestow :

Harp, voice, in praise combining,
 O God, my God so blest !—
 My soul ! why this repining ?
 Why canst thou never rest ?

Trust God ; for still thanksgiving
 To Him will I outpour ;
 The health my smiles reviving ;
 The God whom I adore.

PSALM XLIV.

The appeal of God's suffering, but faithful people.

GOD ! we have heard, our sires have told,
 A work Thou didst 'mong them of old :
 Thine hand from thence did nations tear,
 And planted them of Israel there :
 Thou hewedst down the peoples, Lord !
 And caused our sires to spread abroad.

'Twas not their sword that won the land :
 No triumph could their arm command :
 But Thy right hand and lifted arm,
 Thy presence bright 'mid war's alarm,—
 Because Thy love Thy chosen have,—
 The victory to Thy people gave.

Thou art my King, Thou God Most High !
 Grant Jacob still the victory :
 Through Thee our fierce relentless foe
 Do we push down and overthrow :
 And in Thy name of high renown
 The insurgent heathen trample down.

Not on my bow do I rely ;
 Nor can my sword give victory :
 But victory to us Thou hast given,
 And back in shame our haters driven.
 Our boast hath been in Thee all day,
 And we will praise Thy name for aye.

But Thou hast cast us off in rout,
Nor with our armies goest out :
Thou mak'st us flee before the foe,
And those that hate us spoil us now :
As sheep Thou givest us for food,
And scatter'st us 'mong nations rude.

Thou sellest us—Thine own—for nought,
And we no gain to Thee have brought :
A subject for reproach and sneer
To all our neighbours we appear ;
A race for those on every side
With scornful laughter to deride.

Our name a bye-word dost Thou make,
Whereat their heads the peoples shake :
All day I feel my deep disgrace,
And shame hath covered o'er my face,
To hear us scorned and taunted so
By our avenging, vengeful foe.

Though thus we fared, remembering Thee,
Thy league have we kept faithfully :
Our hearts have never gone astray ;
Our steps ne'er wandered from the way :
Though, crushed by Thee, we long were laid
In howling wastes and death's dark shade.

If we had ever to our shame
Forgot our God's most holy name,
Or to the gods of other lands
In worship holden up our hands ;
Would God not search and find it out,
Who knows the heart's most secret thought ?

But nay ; on Thine account are we
 Killed all day long continually :
 As sheep appointed to be slain
 Are we accounted by all men.
 Up, Lord ! why sleepest Thou ? Awake !
 Thine own for ever ne'er forsake.

O wherefore hidest Thou Thy face ?
 O why forget our deep disgrace ?
 Our soul is bowed with grief profound ;
 Our belly cleaveth to the ground.
 Do Thou arise ; our helper be ;
 And for Thy love's sake set us free.

PSALM XLV.

A royal marriage-song.

WITH goodly words my heart o'erflows,
 And thus my poem I begin :
 A King the subject I propose ;
 My tongue a ready writer's pen.

Beauteous art Thou beyond man's seed ;
 Upon Thy lips is shed forth grace :
 So God hath blessed Thee indeed
 For evermore beyond man's race.

Gird Thou the sword upon Thy thigh,
 O Thou Most High and Mighty One !
 Thy glory and great majesty
 Bind Thou about Thee as a zone.

Ride on and prosper on Thy way,
 Truth and meek goodness to uphold :
 And fearful things from day to day
 Shall Thy right hand to Thee unfold.

Thy darts are sharp ; realms 'neath Thee quail ;
 They pierce their hearts, who 'gainst Thee fight :
 Thy throne, O God, shall never fail !
 The sceptre of Thy rule is right.

Thou lovest right, and hatest wrong :
 So God, Thy God, hath poured on Thee
 The oil of joy beyond the throng
 Of those who bear Thee company.

Myrrh, aloes, cassia, round Thee blend
 In ivory halls with music bright :
 Kings' daughters in Thy train attend ;
 The queen in gold is on Thy right.

THE QUEEN APPROACHES.

O daughter ! hearken, see, give ear :
 Forget thy sire and kindred : so
 The King will for thy beauty care :
 He is thy Lord ; before Him bow.

Tyre's daughter with a gift shall come :
 Earth's richest shall implore Thy grace.

THE QUEEN ENTERS.

All glorious 'neath Thy palace dome
 The King's bride shines in gold and lace.

On divers-coloured tapestry
 Is she conducted to the King :
 The virgins in her train, that be
 Her chosen friends, to Thee they bring.

They move to music's joyous tones,
 And in the royal palace stand :
 Instead of sires shalt Thou have sons,
 To set, as chiefs, o'er every land.

Far through all time will I extend
 The memory of Thy glorious name :
 So shall all nations to the end
 Their grateful thanks to Thee proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

God is the defence of His people.

GOD is our hope and strength ; in need
 A very present help indeed :
 We will not therefore fear, although
 The trembling earth reel to and fro ;
 Although the hills uplifted be,
 And carried out into the sea ;
 Although its waters rage and swell,
 And mountains 'neath its tempest quail.
The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
And Jacob's God our refuge tried !

There is a stream, whose sparkling flood
 Makes glad the city of our God :
 The shrine of that blessed sanctuary,
 Where God the Highest deigns to be.

God dwells therein,—she shall not fear :
 God is her shield,—the morn draws near :
 The nations raged ; the realms were stirred ;
 Earth melted, when His voice was heard.
*The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
 And Jacob's God our refuge tried !*

Draw nigh and see what God hath done,
 Whose wasting doom hath earth o'errun.
 He stays the battle, far and near ;
 He breaks the bow, and knaps the spear ;
 He burns the chariots, as 'twere tow.
 Be still then, and your Maker know !
 'Mong heathen tribes exalted high ;
 Exalted o'er the earth am I !'
*The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
 And Jacob's God our refuge tried !*

PSALM XLVII.

A hymn of triumph.

ALL peoples, clap your hands, and sing
 To God with voice of melody !
 For o'er the earth the Lord is King ;
 Most high and terrible is He.

The peoples 'neath us He subdues :
 And nations 'neath our feet doth smite :
 Our portion for us doth He choose,
 The pride of Jacob, His delight.

God is gone up with shout and cry :
 Jehovah 'mid the trumpets' ring !
 Sing psalms, sing psalms, to God Most High :
 Sing psalms, sing psalms, unto our King !

For God rules all the earth below !
 In skilful strains sing anthems sweet :
 To God, as King, all nations bow :
 God sitteth on His holy seat.

The princes of all realms unite
 To be a seed for Abraham's God :
 For all earth's shields are God's of right !
 Exceeding high is His abode.

PSALM XLVIII.

Thanksgiving for God's protection of Jerusalem.

GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised
 In our God's city on His holy hill :
 In beauty fair is Zion's mount upraised ;
 A joy that earth's remotest limits feel.

Upon the north side, stretching far and wide,
 The city of the mighty King we see :
 A lofty tower, wherein she may confide,
 God in her palaces is known to be.

For, lo ! the heathen potentates and kings
 Were gathered, and together they passed by :
 They saw, and straightway marvelled at such things :
 They were amazed, and routed suddenly.

A trembling there possession of them takes ;
 Pangs, as a woman's in her travail pain :
 Broken they were, as when the East wind breaks
 The ships of Tarshish on the stormy main.

As we have heard, so have we seen as well,
 In yon fair city of the Lord of Hosts :
 The sacred city, where our God doth dwell !
 God will for ever stablish all her coasts.

O God ! Thy love has been our thought and theme,
 As in Thy Temple's midst in prayer we bend :
 O God ! according to Thy holy name,
 So is Thy praise to earth's remotest end.

Thy strong right hand is full of righteousness !
 O let our Zion's sacred mount rejoice !
 And Judah's daughters their great joy express,
 For all the judgments uttered by Thy voice.

Walk round about and compass Zion's mount ;
 Tell all her towers, and mark her bulwarks well ;
 Muse o'er her palaces, that so their count
 Ye may to all succeeding ages tell.

For such is God, to whom we bow the knee :
 Our God alone through endless years to come :
 Our Guide, our Guardian, will He ever be,
 Until in death we sleep within the tomb.

PSALM XLIX.

*No outward advantages—wealth, or grandeur, or wit—can
 redeem the soul from death.*

GIVE ear, ye peoples, to my call !
 Hear, all who on the earth do dwell !
 Both high and low, rich, poor, and all !
 Wise sayings from my lips shall fall,
 As pregnant thoughts my bosom fill.

To proverbs will I lean mine ear,
 And show my dark speech on the lute.
 In evil days why should I fear,
 Though malice t'ward me foemen bear,
 Encompassing me round about ;

E'en theirs who nought save wealth esteem,
 And make their boast of its great store ?
 Nathless can none himself redeem,
 Nor give to God to ransom him,—
 (Our souls' redemption costeth more,

And one must aye let that pass by :)—
 That he should live, nor see the grave.
 Yea, he must see that wise men die,
 The fool, the brutish, equally,
 And leave to others all they have.

They ever in the grave reside,—
 From age to age their house and home,—
 Of whom on earth men spoke with pride ;
 But man, for fame doth not abide,
 Like beasts that perish is become.

This is their way, O fools and vain !
 And their descendants praise their words :
 Like sheep, they flock to worlds unseen !
 Death is their shepherd, and just men
 Are in the morning o'er them lords.

Soon, and their bloom shall fade away,
 And find its dwelling in the grave :
 But from that grave, when, as its prey,
 Its hand upon me death shall lay,
 My soul will God in mercy save.

Though one get wealth, be not afraid ;
 Or if his house more glorious grow :
 For he of all his wealth uplaid
 Shall take naught hence, when he is dead :
 His glory will not with him go.

Although throughout his life he still
 May cheer his soul, and call it blest,—
 (And, if on earth thou doest well
 Unto thyself, thy praise will fill
 Men's mouths, and be by all confest ;)—

His fathers' lot shall be his doom,
 Who see ne'er more the light of day.
 Man that's in honour, but in whom
 Is no discernment, is become
 Like cattle that are swept away.

PSALM L.

*God appears as Judge, demanding of His people heart-worship
 and the service of good works.*

GOD, God the Lord, hath spoken,
 And summoned earth ; from east,
 Where day's first dawn hath broken,
 To sunset in the west.

From Zion, beauty's flower,
 Hath God, All-bright, appeared :
 Our God shall come with power,—
 O may His voice be heard !

Fierce fire before Him blighteth ;
Fierce tempests round Him moan :
High heaven, and earth, He citeth,
That He may judge His own.

‘ Collect My saints before me,
Those pledged by gifts of yore !’
The heavens, so dark and stormy,
The coming Judge adore.

‘ O hear ye Me appealing,
Mine own ! and I will cry,
Israel ! thy faults revealing ;
God, e’en thy God, am I.

‘ Thy gifts I am not blaming ;
Thine offerings are untold :
No stalled ox am I claiming,
Nor he-goat from thy fold.

‘ For Mine are all beasts, breeding
Beside the forest rills :
And Mine the cattle, feeding
Upon a thousand hills.

‘ The birds, o’er mountains flying,
Are not from Me concealed :
And in My sight are lying
The wild beasts of the field.

‘ If I should hunger even,
I would not ask thine aid :
For Mine are earth and heaven ;
And all therein I made.

‘ Should I bulls’ flesh be eating ?
 Or drinking he-goats’ blood ?
 With lowly offerings meeting,
 Adore the Most High God :

‘ And call upon Me ever,
 When troubles press thee sore :
 So thee will I deliver,
 And Me shalt thou adore.’

But to the godless speaking,
 God said, ‘ My laws of truth
 Why preachest thou, e’en taking
 My covenant in thy mouth ?

‘ Whereas, rebuke resenting,
 Thou’st cast My words away :
 And, to a thief consenting,
 Dost still the wanton play ?

‘ Thy words, one with another,
 Are full of sin and guile :
 Thou sitt’st, and dost thy brother,
 Thy mother’s son, revile.

‘ While thou these things wast daring,
 Thou thoughtest wickedly,
 No censure from Me hearing,
 That I was one like thee.

‘ But I will scourge, and show thee
 Thy sin, thou faithless one !
 Beware lest I o’erthrow thee,
 And helpers thou have none.

‘Who offers Me thanksgiving,
 ’Tis he that honours Me :
 And he, uprightly living,
 Shall God’s salvation see.’

PSALM LI.

The heart-broken penitent’s prayer for pardon and for sanctification.

HAVE pity, God ! on me
 According to Thy love :
 And of Thy plenteous clemency
 My guilt’s dark stains remove.

Wash out my wickedness,
 And make me thoroughly clean :
 For my transgressions I confess,
 And all my sins have seen.

’Gainst Thee alone my lust ;
 I sinned thus in Thy sight :
 That so Thy sentence might be just,
 Thy judging clear and right.

Behold, conceived in sin,
 In sin was I born too :
 Behold, Thou wishest truth within,—
 There wisdom make me know !

With hyssop purge Thou me,
 And I shall then be clean :
 Wash me, and whiter shall I be
 Than snow-flakes’ silver sheen.

O to mine ears bring back
 Gladness and joy's sweet strain !
 That so the bones crushed on Thy rack
 May thrill with joy again.

Hide Thou my faults from view,
 And blot out all my sin :
 God ! make me a clean heart ; renew
 A spirit firm within.

Ne'er cast me from Thy sight :
 Thy Spirit leave with me,
 Let Thy salvation be my light,
 My stay a spirit free.

So will I teach Thy way
 To sinners who transgress :
 And all, who have been led astray,
 Shall turn, and t'ward Thee press.

Blood-guilt from me remove,
 God, my salvation's God !
 Then of Thy righteousness and love
 My tongue shall sing aloud.

Unseal my lips to sing
 Thy praise, O Lord Most High !
 Thou lov'st no gifts that I can bring ;
 No offerings please Thine eye.

A spirit bowed with woe
 Is God's choice sacrifice :
 A broken heart and contrite, Thou,
 O God ! wilt not despise.

Show kindness, as Thou wilt,
 To Zion as of yore :
 And of Jerusalem rebuilt
 The shattered walls restore.

Blest then our rites shall be,
 The gifts and vows we pay :
 Young bullocks then, as offerings, we
 Will on Thine altar lay.

PSALM LII.

A stern upbraiding, addressed to some high official who misused his power.

WHY thus, O tyrant ! boast thyself in wrong ?
 God's loving-kindness lasts still all the while.
 Destructive, as a razor, is thy tongue,
 Who workest guile.

Far more than good all evil dost thou love :
 Far more than upright words false words of wrong :
 Yea, all devouring words dost thou approve,
 O wily tongue !

God in return shall pull thee down for aye ;
 Shall seize, and from thy tent shall pluck thee out ;
 And from the land of living men away
 Tear up thy root.

The just shalt see it, fear, and, laughing, say,
 ' Lo ! this man made not God his fort in need :
 But thought his stores of wealth would be his stay ;
 His strength his greed.'

But I am like a fresh-green olive-tree,
 Set in the temple of my God above :
 My trust is now, and evermore shall be,
 God's tender love.

I will give thanks to Thee for evermore,
 For Thou hast done it ; and will wait all day
 Upon Thy name,—for it is good,—before
 Thy saints' array.

PSALM LIII.

A variation of Psalm XIV.

THE fool hath reasoned in his heart,
 ' There is no God ! '—corrupt are they ;
 Their conduct vile in every part ;
 No goodness any now display.

Upon the children of mankind
 God looked abroad from heaven's abode :
 To see if any He could find
 Who understood and sought for God.

But all of them have turned away :
 They are corrupt with one accord :
 No goodness any now display :
 Not one is there that serves the Lord.

Have they no knowledge, who are led
 To work such deeds of sin and shame ?
 My people's eaters have ate bread :
 They have not called upon God's name.

There feared they much,—so bold but now !—
 For God hath scattered far and wide
 The bones of thy besieging foe,
 Despised by thee, by God denied.

O that salvation now were come
 To Israel, out of Zion brought :
 When God His captive tribes brings home,
 Let Israel joy, and Jacob shout.

PSALM LIV.

A prayer of David against his enemies.

O SAVE me by Thy name, O God !
 Avenge me by Thy might :
 God ! hear my prayer ; give ear when loud
 My lips Thy help invite.

For up against me strangers rise,
 And men in furious strife,
 Who set not Thee before their eyes,
 Are seeking for my life.

Behold ! God helps me 'gainst these men :
 Jehovah is of those
 Who stay my soul : He'll turn again
 Their evil on my foes.

Uproot them in Thy truth, and I
 Will free-will offerings bring !
 And thanks unto Thy name, Most High !—
 For it is lovely,—sing.

For out of all my misery
 My Saviour hath He been :
 And on the foes, that harass me,
 Mine eyes their lust have seen.

LV.

The prayer of one surrounded by his enemies, and forsaken by his familiar friend.

GIVE ear, God ! to my prayer in woe ;
 Nor hide Thee from my suppliant groan :
 Hear, answer me, for to and fro
 I toss, complaining, and do moan :

Because of what my foemen cry,
 And cruel deeds the wicked do :
 Who cast on me iniquity,
 And in their wrath withstand me so.

My heart within fierce tortures wear :
 The pains of death are on me laid :
 Upon me trembling comes and fear :
 Deep anguish whelms me, and I said :

‘Would I had wings, as ’twere a dove ;
 Off would I fly, and be at rest !
 Lo ! far away then would I rove,
 And in the desert build my nest !

‘Soon would I find a place to hide
 From rushing wind and tempest shrill !’
 Their tongues confound, Lord ! and divide ;
 For strife and wrong the city fill.

Its walls they day and night pace round :
Within it sin and mischief meet ;
Destruction in its midst is found ;
Wrong, guile, depart not from her street.

For 'twas no foe reviled me so,—
Or I could have endured his spite :
No hater 'gainst me raised his brow,—
Or I had hid me from his sight :

But thou, mine equal and my guide,
My bosom friend, with whom I trod,
In sweet communion, side by side,
The pathway to the house of God.

Let death by stealth upon them come :
Quick, let them sink into the pit :
For wickedness is in their home,
And they themselves are full of it.

But, as for me, to God I'll pray ;
The Lord to save me will appear :
Evening, and morning, and noon-day,
I'll mourn and moan, and He will hear.

My soul hath He redeemed in peace
From out the war that on me lay :
For many,—countless in increase !—
Were those against me in the fray.

But God shall hear the afflicted's cry ;
And He that is of old enthroned
Shall answer those no changes try,
And who no fear of God have owned.

On those at peace with him his hand
 Hath he tyrannically laid :
 And desecrated and profaned
 The covenant that he had made.

His words of mouth are smooth as cream,
 The while his heart within's all war :
 Softer than oil his speeches seem,
 But very daggers drawn they are.

Thy burden on Jehovah cast,
 And He will here support His own :
 He will not suffer to the last
 The righteous to be overthrown.

Thou, God ! shalt to the grave's pit drive
 These men : the bloody and unjust
 Not half their days on earth shall live :
 But I—in Thee shall be my trust.

PSALM LVI.

Trust in God in spite of surrounding difficulties and dangers.

PITY for me, O God ! display ;
 For mortal men do crush me down !
 In strife they harass me all day ;
 All day foes tread my life away ;
 Yea, hosts against me fight and frown.

When I might dread some trouble near,
 Will I put all my trust in Thee :
 Through God His word can I praise here ;
 In God I'll trust and never fear :
 For what can flesh do unto me ?

All day they wrest mine every word ;
 My hurt alone they meditate :
 They muster their aggressive horde,
 And hide, and mark my steps abroad,
 As for my soul they lie in wait.

Shall they escape through deeds of ill ?
 God ! in Thy wrath be they o'erthrown.
 'Tis Thou Who dost my wanderings tell :
 O with my tears Thy bottle fill :
 In Thy book are they not set down ?

Foes, when I call, shall disappear :
 This know I,—God for me will be !
 Through God His word can I praise here,
 In God I'll trust, and never fear :
 For what can man do unto me ?

My vows, O God ! are on my head :
 To Thee thank-offerings will I pay ;
 For Thou hast won me from the dead,
 And kept my feet from fall, to tread
 Before Thee life's bright living way.

PSALM LVII.

'A voice crying in the wilderness.'

HAVE pity, pity, God ! for I
 Have refuge ta'en in Thee :
 And 'neath Thy sheltering wings will lie,
 Till past their malice be.

I will appeal to God Most High,
 Who blessings on me piles :
 Safety from heaven will He supply,
 Though my fierce foe reviles.

His mercy and His truth will God
 Send down upon His own.
 My soul 'mong lions hath its abode ;
 On firebrands I lie down,—

Man's seed, whose teeth are darts and spears,
 Their tongue a sharpened sword.
 Be Thou exalted o'er the spheres ;
 O'er earth Thy glory, Lord !

They've laid a net to catch my feet ;
 My soul have they bowed down :
 Along my path they've digged a pit,
 Wherein themselves are thrown.

My heart is fixed, 'tis fixed, O Lord !
 Loud will I sing and play,
 Wake, tongue ! wake, lute and harpsichord !
 I fain would wake the day.

Among the peoples unto Thee,
 O Lord ! will I give praise !
 And 'mong the nations joyfully
 My grateful thanks upraise.

For great to heaven Thy love appears,
 And to the clouds Thy word,
 Be Thou exalted o'er the spheres :
 O'er earth Thy glory, Lord !

PSALM LVIII.

A bold protest against unrighteous judges.

Do ye, O gods ! speak righteousness indeed,
And do ye judge in equity man's seed ?
Nay, but ye all plot sin, and o'er the land
Weigh out the violence ye take in hand.

E'en from the womb estranged are godless men :
From birth they've gone astray, and lie, and sin.
They poison, as a serpent's venom, yield :
Yea, that of a deaf asp, whose ears are sealed :

Which still to hear the charmers' voice refuse,
And theirs who cunningest enchantments use.
God ! break the teeth that in their mouth are stored :
From the young lions wrench their jaw-bones, Lord !

Hence let them melt, as streams that swiftly run :
Each dart they shoot be as a broken one :
Make them as snails that melt along the earth ;
Or as a woman's poor untimely birth,

Which never saw the sun. Or ever yet
Your pots can feel the thorns, in order set
Beneath them, bursting into flame, may they,
Both green and dry, be swiftly whirled away.

To see God's vengeance shall rejoice the good :
His footsteps shall he wash in godless blood ;
Till men shall say, ' The righteous hath his meed :
There is a God to judge on earth indeed ! '

PSALM LIX.

The lamentation of a representative pious Israelite.

FROM all my foes deliver me ;
 Lift me o'er mine opponents, God !
 From wicked doers set me free,
 And save me from the men of blood.
 For lo ! they lie wait for my soul :
 Strong ones themselves 'gainst me enroll

For neither guilt nor sin in me.—
 Without my fault arrayed they stand ;
 To meet me, therefore, wake, and see,
 Thou God of Hosts and Israel's land !
 Awake, and every realm pass through,
 Nor spare the godless and untrue.

Night after night they come, and go,
 Snarling like dogs, the city's round :
 Behold ! with boasts their mouths o'erflow :
 Upon their lips sharp swords abound,
 ' For who,' they think, ' doth hear ? ' but, Lord !
 Thou laughest at the heathen horde ;

Thou mockest all the nations' power,—
 My strength ! for Thee O let me wait :
 For God alone is my high tower,—
 In love by God shall I be met,
 And be allowed my lust to see
 On all who are opposed to me.

Yet slay them not, for fear Thine own
 Forget ; but 'neath Thee make them reel,
 O Lord our shield ! and cast them down.
 The words they speak but sin reveal,
 So in their pride let them be ta'en,
 Who are so false and so profane.

In wrath consume them, that they die,
 In wrath, that men may understand
 How God o'er Jacob rules on high,
 And to the earth's remotest strand.
 Night after night they come, and go,
 Snarling like dogs, the city through.

Hither and thither, far and wide,
 They wander round in search of prey,
 And, if their greed's unsatisfied,
 Then all the live-long night they stay :
 But I will sing about Thy might,
 And hymn Thy love in morning's light.

For Thou hast been my sure retreat,
 A refuge also in the days,
 When I sore troubles had to meet.
 To Thee, my strength ! will I sing praise ;
 For God above is my high tower,
 The God whose mercies on me pour.

PSALM LX.

A prayer after a grievous defeat.

GOD ! Thou hast cast Thy people out,
 And scattered us abroad ;
 In wrath against us hast Thou fought,—
 O let us be restored !

The land now hast Thou made to reel,
 Its riven rocks to quake :
 Thereof once more the breaches heal,
 For its foundations shake.

Hard things through Thee Thy people see,
 Their wine's bewildering woe !
 Thy saints Thy banner wave,—to flee
 Before the foeman's bow.

O that Thy well-belovèd band
 May once again be free,
 Preserve us with Thine own right hand,
 And hear our prayer to Thee.

God in His holiness once spake ;—
 Let me exult and shout :—
 ' Of Shechem portions will I make,
 And Succoth's vale mete out.

' Gilead is mine, Manasses mine,
 Whilst, Ephraim, 'tis for thee
 My helmet, and, wise Judah, thine
 My lawgiver to be.

' My wash-pot is dark Moab's land ;
 My shoe will I cast out
 O'er Edom ; o'er Philistia's band
 In triumph-song I shout.'

Who'll bring me to the fencèd town ?
 Who'll lead to Edom's coasts ?
 God ! hast not Thou cast off Thine own,
 And marched not with our hosts ?

O help us 'gainst the enemy,
For help in vain man shows.
Through God shall we do valiantly ;
'Tis He shall crush our foes.

PSALM LXI.

The prayer of a royal fugitive.

HEAR my cry, O God of heaven !
And attend to my complaint ;
From earth's ends that cry is given,
When my heart within is faint.

To the rocky hold O lead me,
For my feeble strength too high ;
For Thou oft hast safely hid me,
Fencing off the enemy.

Let me, in Thy tent abiding,
Sojourn everlasting ;
Let me, 'neath Thy pinions hiding,
Find a place to shelter me.

For Thou, God ! in mercy hearing,
When I vowed to Thee of old,
Gavest me, as one God-fearing,
The possession that I hold.

Mayest Thou, its term extending,
To the king long life secure ;
May his years, thus never-ending,
Still from age to age endure.

May he sit enthroned for ever
 In the sight of God most high,
 And Thy truth and mercy never
 Fail to guard him constantly.

So will I, Thy name adoring,
 To it ever lift my lay,
 That I may, thus praise outpouring,
 Pay my vows from day to day.

PSALM LXII.

A pious Israelite of high rank, in imminent danger from malignant opponents, encourages himself and his companions to hold fast to their faith.

WAIT but for God, hushed soul ! from whence
 Salvation comes to all ;
 He only is my rock, health, fence,—
 I shall not greatly fall.

How long will ye 'gainst one man rush
 With frantic force and din,
 As down a toppling wall ye push,
 Or fell a hedge sunk-in ?

Their king they plot but to debase ;
 They love to act a part ;
 Their mouth is full of words of praise,
 But curses fill their heart.

Wait but for God, hushed soul ! from whence
 Salvation comes to all :
He only's my salvation, fence,
 And rock,—I shall not fall.

On God doth my salvation rest,
 And glory, when withstood ;
My rock of strength, when sore opprest,
 And refuge is in God.

O let your trust in Him alway,
 Ye people ! still endure ;
Pour out your hearts to Him, and pray :
 God is our refuge sure.

The mean man's children are but nought ;
 The lordly but a lie ;
Yea, all, if to the balance brought,
 Are light as vanity.

Trust in oppression then no more ;
 In rapine take no pride ;
If wealth increases in your store,
 Still ne'er in it confide.

Once God hath spoken, twice I've heard,
 That strength is God's alone.
Lord ! Thine is love, for Thy reward
 Will be as men have done.

PSALM LXIII.

Longing for, and joy in, communion with God.

GOD ! Thou art my God ; for Thee
 Do I seek ; my soul within
 Thirsts for Thee exceedingly,
 And for Thee my flesh doth pine
 In a dry and fainting land,
 Where no water is at hand.

So have I in Thine abode
 On Thy power and glory gazed ;
 'More than life the love of God !'
 Was the strain my lips upraised.
 Thus I'll praise Thee all my days,
 And my hands to Thee upraise.

Satisfied my soul shall be,
 As with rich and unctuous fare ;
 And with lips of jubilee
 Shall my mouth Thy praise declare.
 Mindful of Thee on my bed,
 Muse I, as night's watches speed.

Since Thou oft hast succoured me,
 'Neath Thy wings with mirthful lay
 Clings my soul fast after Thee,
 And Thy right hand is my stay.
 But who seek my soul to rend,
 They to Hades shall descend.

Given over to the sword,
 They shall be the jackal's food :
 But, with grateful praise outpoured,
 Shall the king rejoice in God.
 All His saints shall boast, for dumb
 Shall the liars' lips become.

PSALM LXIV.

A description of the wicked, and of the destruction which will come upon them.

HEAR Thou, O God ! my voice in prayer,
 Nor let me fear the foe's proud boast :
 O hide me from the ungodly's snare,
 And from the sinners' busy host.

Who whet their tongues as sharpened swords ;
 Whose lips are filled with darts, that so
 They may with bitter biting words
 In secret lay the blameless low ;

They boldly hit him unawares.—
 They help each other's villainy ;
 They talk of laying secret snares,
 And ask, 'Who aught of theirs will see ?'

Unrighteous deeds do they devise,
 And say, 'A crafty thing we've done :'
 And dark the mind of each one is,
 And deep the heart of every one.

But with an arrow at them all
 God shot, and suddenly they bled.
 Tripped up by their own tongues they fall,
 Whilst all that see them shake the head.

So all with fear of God's work speak ;
 And in their minds His deeds are stored.
 The just rejoice and refuge take,
 And true hearts glory, in the Lord.

PSALM LXV.

A harvest hymn.

GOD ! on Mount Sion
 Blessed art Thou ;
 We will in Salem
 Pay Thee the vow.
 O Thou that hearest
 Suppliant prayer !
 All flesh before Thee
 There shall appear.

Sins that o'ercome me
 Thou wilt forgive :
 Blest is he chosen
 With Thee to live :
 O in Thy dwelling
 Fill us with grace ;
 E'en in Thy Temple's
 Holiest place.

To us in goodness,
 Saviour and Lord !
 Dost Thou with wonders
 Answer accord :
 Hope of earth's limits,
 And the seas round !
 Thou, girt with power,
 Dost the hills found.

Thou the seas' roaring,
When their waves swell,
And the realms' madness,
Only canst quell.
Far distant peoples
At Thy signs cower ;
Morn and eve's sources
Ring with Thy power.

Earth didst Thou visit,
Till it ran o'er ;
Making it plenty
Richly outpour.
Full is God's river
With a deep flood ;
And Thou preparest
Corn for their food :

For Thou preparest
Earth fully so ;
Waterest her furrows,
Ridges lay'st low :
Makest it soft with
Showers of rain ;
And, as it groweth,
Blessest the grain.

Thou with Thy goodness
Crownedst the year,
And Thy tracks fatness
Drop here and there :
Moist are the pastures
Of the waste found,
And the hills gladness
Girdleth around.

Clothed are the meadows
 With many sheep ;
 Covered the valleys
 With a corn-heap,
 Waving so thickly
 Over the lea,
 That they seem shouting,
 Singing for glee.

PSALM LXVI.

A passover psalm.

SHOUT with joy unto the Lord,
 All the earth ! with one accord :
 Sing the glory of His name ;
 In His praise His might proclaim.
 Say to God, ' How dread art Thou
 In Thy doings here below ;
 Through the greatness of Thy power
 'Neath Thee do Thy foemen cower :
 All men shall to Thee bow down,
 Sing and praise Thy name alone.'

Come and see God's works ; how dread
 Are His doings t'ward man's seed :
 Ocean turned He to dry land ;
 Through the stream walked Israel's band !
 There will we our God adore,
 Ruling in His endless power,
 Every land His eye surveys ;
 Rebels ne'er their heads shall raise.
 O ye peoples ! bless our God,
 Make His praise be heard aloud,

Who preserves our lives to-day,
 Nor hath let our footsteps stray !
 Thou didst prove us more and more,
 Trying us as silver ore :
 To the net Thou brought'st us down ;
 On us hast sore burdens thrown ;
 O'er our heads mad'st men to ride ;
 We passed through both fire and tide :
 But Thou brought'st Thy chosen race
 Out into a wealthy place.

With burnt-offerings to Thine house
 Will I come and pay my vows,
 Which I promised long ago,
 Promised when I was in woe,—
 Fatlings with rams' incense sweet
 Will I bring as offerings meet :
 Fumes from goats and bulls shall rise
 Upward as my sacrifice.
 Come ye hither and give ear,
 All ye who Jehovah fear !

Let me tell you every one
 What for *my* soul God hath done.
 Unto Him my lips appealed,
 And my tongue His praise revealed.
 If my heart saw wickedness,
 God would neither hear nor bless :
 But, when I my voice upraised,
 God did hear me : God be praised !
 For my prayer He hath not spurned,
 Nor His mercy from me turned.

PSALM LXVII.

The spiritual 'harvest home' song of Israel.

GOD be good and bless His own ;
 Make His face upon us shine ;
 That Thy way on earth be known ;
 'Mong the heathen health divine.
Let the peoples thanks upraise ;
Let all peoples sing Thy praise.

Let the nations joy aloud ;
 For the peoples far and wide
 Justly dost Thou judge, O God !
 And on earth the nations guide.
Let the peoples thanks upraise ;
Let all peoples sing Thy praise.

Earth hath yielded her increase ;
 O may God, our God, e'ermore,
 Yea, may God His people bless,
 And earth's ends with fear adore.
Let the peoples thanks upraise ;
Let all peoples sing His praise.

PSALM LXVIII.

A dedication ode.

LET God arise, and they
 That fight against Him fall :
 Let those that hate Him flee away
 Before the Lord of all.

As smoke before the blast,
 As wax before the fire,
 So down let godless men be cast
 Before His look of ire.

But let the just rejoice
 With songs before the Lord :
 Aloud with merry heart and voice
 Their joy let them record.

To celebrate His name
 With heart and voice make haste :
 Prepare His way with glad acclaim,
 Who rideth through the waste.

His name of Jah be blest !
 The orphan's sire is God :
 The stay of widows sore distrest
 Is He in heaven's abode.

He finds the lonely homes ;
 He sets the captive free ;
 And none but the rebellious dooms
 To dwell 'mid scarcity.

God ! when Thou wentest out
 Before Thy people's hosts :
 Ay, when Thou marchedst round about
 The desert's barren coasts :

Earth quaked, and heaven did drop
 Before the Lord, and fell :
 Before Thee shook yon Sinai's top,
 Thou God of Israel !

Thou sheddest plenteous rain
Upon Thy land, O God !
And didst refresh it once again,
When weary and downtrod.

Thy creatures dwelt therein :
Thou, God ! with loving care
At all times for all needy men
A table wilt prepare.

Jehovah gave the word :
The maidens, who aloud
Tell out the news in song outpoured,
Came forth a countless crowd.

‘ The kings of hosts do flee,
Do flee in rout o’ercome ;
And partner in the spoil is she
That tarrieth at home.

‘ Who ’mong the pots have lien
Are rich with spoil untold,
As doves’ wings that with silver shine,
Their plumes with yellow gold.

‘ When by the Lord Most High
Earth’s monarchs are laid low :
It is as when the snow-drifts lie
On Salmon’s mountain-brow.’

A mountain of the Lord,
Its summits Bashan rears ;
With many a peak stretched heavenward,
Proud Bashan’s range appears.

Why look, ye mountain-peaks !
 Askance upon the hill
 Whereon the Lord His Temple makes,
 And will for ever dwell ?

God's chariots myriad are,
 Unnumbered is their count :
 The Lord hath in His Temple here
 Appeared from Sinai's mount.

Thy feet its heights have trod,
 With captives by Thy side :
 'Mong men hast Thou ta'en gifts ; for God
 Will e'en 'mid rebels bide.

Bless God, who, day by day,
 Will bear our load of grief :
 Our Saviour God, who points the way
 To freedom and to life.

Yet surely God will wound
 The head of all His foes :
 The hairy scalp of him still found
 The paths of sin to choose.

The Lord hath said, ' Again
 These men will I bring back
 From Bashan ; yea, through ocean's main
 Will follow on their track :

' That blood from foemen wrung
 May stain the path ye tread ;
 And that your hounds' empurpled tongue
 May through the same be red.'

O God ! it is well seen,
 How Thou, my King and God !
 How Thou in triumph enterest in
 The courts of Thine abode.

Before the singers sing ;
 Behind the minstrels play ;
 The damsels, who the timbrels ring,
 Surround them on the way.

Give thanks to God the Lord,
 Where countless crowds are led,
 All ye, the living stream outpoured
 From Israel's fountain-head !

See ! little Benjamin,
 With Judah's princes, leads :
 Zebulun's captains next pass in ;
 Then Naphtali's proud heads.

Set forth Thy glory, Lord !
 The wonders Thou hast shown
 At Salem for Thy blest abode :
 Let kings with gifts bow down.

The reed-bred herd reprove,
 The bulls and calves 'mong men ;
 And trample on the tribes that love
 Rich tribute to obtain.

Disperse the men of war :
 The rich from Egypt's land
 Shall come, and Cush shall in despair
 To God stretch out her hand.

In songs, earth's kingdoms ! praise
 The Lord ; on harps rejoice ;
 Who rides the heavens of ancient days,
 And speaks with mighty voice.

To God ascribe ye power,
 Whose majesty o'ershrouds,
 And rests on, Israel every hour :
 Whose strength is in the clouds.

God ! terrible art Thou
 From Zion's blest abode :
 'Tis Israel's God that doth endow
 His own with strength. Praise God !

PSALM LXIX.

The complaint of one persecuted for righteousness' sake under circumstances of great and unmerited suffering.

SAVE me, O God ! for, rising higher,
 The waters e'en my soul have drowned :
 My feet sink down in deepest mire,
 Where there is left no standing-ground :
 I am immersed in waters deep,
 Where whelming currents o'er me sweep.

I faint in prayer ; my throat is dry ;
 Sight fails me, while I wait for Thee :
 And those that hate me causelessly,
 More than my hairs in number be.
 Their power, who would through wanton hate
 Destroy me guiltless, Lord ! is great.

I must restore what I ne'er took :
 To Thee my folly stands revealed,
 O God ! and from Thy piercing look
 No sin of mine hath lain concealed.
 But let not them that wait on Thee
 Be put to shame, O Lord ! through me.

O ne'er through me let them see shame,
 That seek Thee, God of Israel's race !
 For 'twas for Thee that I bore blame,
 Dishonour covered o'er my face :
 Strange to my kin did I become ;
 An alien in my mother's home.

I am consumed within, and pine
 Through zeal for Thy profaned abode :
 And those reproaches now are mine,
 Which first were heaped on Thee, O God !
 Fasting, I wept and kept aloof ;
 And that was turned to my reproof.

I put on sackcloth, and became
 A proverb to them : busy tongues
 Talk publicly about my shame,
 And on me drunkards make their songs :
 But, as for me, to Thee I pray,
 O Lord ! in an accepted day.

God ! in the greatness of Thy love,
 And with Thy saving truth, give ear :
 My foot from out the mire remove,
 Lest I sink down and disappear.
 My life from those that hate me keep,
 And from the billows of the deep.

Let me not 'midst a flood be drowned ;
Nor by the abyss devoured be :
Let not the pit enclose me round.
Thy love is good ; Lord ! answer me :
O turn to me, as Thou of old
Hast shown me mercies manifold.

Thy face to me, Thy servant, show :
I mourn ; O haste to hear my cries :
Come, ransom and redeem me now
Because of all mine enemies.
Thou know'st my shame, reproach, despite ;
And all my foes are in Thy sight.

My breaking heart reproach hath bruised ;
In heaviness I watched to see
Pity from some ; but 'twas refused ;
Nor found I one to comfort me.
Gall for my food they made me take,
And vinegar my thirst to slake.

Make Thou the dainties on their board
A snare to take themselves withal !
Ay, when they think their peace secured,
A stumbling-block to make them fall.
Make Thou their eyes too dim to see ;
Their loins to shake continually.

Thine indignation on them pour :
With burning wrath pursue them still :
Make void their camp for evermore,
And in their tents let no man dwell :
For whom Thou smotest they oppress,
And tell Thy wounded ones' distress.

Add to their shame increasing shame,
Nor let them tread Thy righteous ways :
Blot from the Book of Life their name ;
Nor 'mong the just inscribe their praise.
But me, God ! worn with misery,
Let Thy salvation lift on high.

Loud will I praise God's Holy Name
In songs ; and with glad thanks outpoured
Exalt and magnify the same.
Such offerings shall delight the Lord,
And be accounted far more dear
Than horned and cloven-footed steer.

The meek have seen it and rejoice :—
Saints ! let your hearts revive again :
For God doth hear the poor man's voice,
Nor hath despised His prisoners' pain.
Let heaven and earth His praise declare ;
The seas, and all that swarmeth there.

For Zion God shall save, and build
All Judah's cities now o'erthrown,
Once more its dwellings shall be filled,
And we possess it for our own ;
A home and portion for our seed,
And all that love the Lord indeed.

PSALM LXX.

A cry from a righteous man for help in distress.

BE ready, God ! to rescue me ;
Make haste to help me, Lord ! in strife :
Shame and confusion let them see,
That seek my life.

Let them that wish me evil, Lord !
• Be driven backward in despair :
Let them retreat—their shame's reward !—
That cry, ‘There ! there !’

In Thee let all Thy saints display
Gladness and joy : and they that rest
On Thy salvation, alway say,
‘The Lord be blest !’

But as for me, in want and woe,
Make haste, O God ! to smooth my lot :
My Saviour and my help art Thou ;
Lord ! linger not.

PSALM LXXI.

An old man's prayer.

IN Thee, Lord ! is my trust ;
Ashamed ne'er let me be :
Free, rescue me, as Thou art just ;
Give ear and save Thou me.

Be Thou a tower, whereto
I alway may resort :
Salvation to Thy word I owe,
Who art my rock and fort.

Save me from sinners' hands,
The grasp of vile rude man :
For, God ! on Thee my hope depends,
And trust, since life began.

On Thee have I been stayed
Since birth ; a friend to me
Wast Thou, as in the womb I laid :
My praise is still of Thee.

Though many I amaze,
My trust in Thee is strong :
O let my mouth pour forth Thy praise
And glory all day long.

O cast me not away,
Now I am growing old :
Nor, when my powers of life decay,
Thy present help withhold.

For vaunting foes and spies,
Sworn 'gainst my life, have said,
'God hath forsaken him ; arise !
And seize him ; none will aid.'

God ! be not far from me ;
To help me haste, my God !
Confound, consume them utterly,
That have my soul withheld.

Reproach, shame, o'er them cast,
 That would my hurt secure ;
 But I, still patient to the last,
 Will praise Thee more and more.

Thy good and upright way
 My mouth shall seek to show :
 And Thy salvation all the day,
 No end whereof I know.

I will approach and tell
 What great things God hath done :
 And on Thy righteousness will dwell,
 Jehovah ! Thine alone.

'Tis Thou hast taught me, Lord !
 From infancy till now ;
 And hitherto I tell abroad
 The wonders Thou canst do.

To age and grey hairs e'en,
 God ! leave me not alone ;
 Until by me Thine arm hath been
 To this next age made known ;

Till of Thy might I tell
 To all unborn, O God !
 And of Thy righteousness as well,
 Which reaches heaven's abode,

Thou who great things hast done :—
 God ! who is like to Thee ?
 Thou who hast troubles, thickly sown
 And grievous, let us see,

Thou wilt turn back and give
 New life unto us now,
 Yea, turn and bring us up alive
 From earth's dark depths below.

My greatness multiply ;
 And turn to comfort me :
 Then on the harp, my God ! will I
 Extol Thy truth and Thee.

My lyre will I employ
 To play to Israel's King ;
 To Thee my lips shall shout for joy ;
 My soul redeemed shall sing.

My tongue the whole day long
 Shall tell Thy righteous fame :
 For they, that seek to do me wrong,
 Are brought to fear and shame.

PSALM LXXII.

A hymn of peace.

GIVE the king Thy judgments, Lord !
 And his son Thy righteousness ;
 May he to Thine own award
 Justice ; to the vexed redress.

May the mountains far and wide,
 To the people bring forth peace ;
 And the hills on every side
 It through righteousness increase.

May he judge the helpless folk,
And the needy's children save :
Crushing with his stern rebuke
Tyrants that the world enslave.

So that they Thy name shall dread
While the sun and moon-light last :
And fresh generations speed
After generations past.

Let him be as rain from high,
Coming down on meadow grass :
As the drops that from the sky
Water all the earth's increase.

Prosperous then let good men be ;
Peaceful while the moon endures.
Let him rule from sea to sea ;
From the flood to earth's far shores.

Let the dwellers in the waste
In his presence bend the knee :
And his enemies, disgraced,
Lick the dust ingloriously.

Let the isles' and Tarshish' kings
Render gifts to swell his store :
Whilst each chief from Sheba brings,
And from Seba, tribute ore.

Let all kings before him fall,
And all tribes his servants be :
For the needy, when they call,
And the helpless sets he free.

He the poor and feeble spares ;
Of the needy soul takes care ;
Ransoms them from tyrants' snares :
In his sight their blood is dear,

So that they live on, and pay
To him of Arabia's ore ;
Praying for him all the day ;
Blessing him for evermore.

In the land let corn increase,
Till upon the mountain-brows,
Rustling in the summer breeze
Like proud Lebanon, it grows.

From the city, too, let men
Spring forth like the meadow grass :
Let his name live, nor again
'Neath the sun from 'mongst us pass.

Let mankind, both far and near,
Bless themselves in his great name :
And all nations everywhere
His felicity proclaim.

Blessed let Jehovah God,
E'en the God of Israel, be,
Who alone from heaven's abode
Doeth all things wondrously.

Blessings on His glorious name
Henceforth and for ever rain :
And let earth with His great fame
Be fulfilled. Amen, Amen.

BOOK III.

PSALM LXXIII.

Thoughts on God's moral government of the world.

SURELY to Israel God is good,—
To those whose hearts are pure :
But, as for me, I scarcely stood,
My steps no more were sure.

For I was envious at the proud
And prosperous sons of shame ;
Who are, by bands of death unbowed,
Of strong and stalwart frame.

They're ne'er with grief, as frail man, tried,
Nor plagued as others be :
Their necklace therefore is their pride ;
Their robe their cruelty.

Their eyes from fat start forth and swell ;
Their thoughts of heart o'erflow :
They scoff, and speak vile words of hell,
And loftily of woe.

As though from heaven comes all they say ;
Their words range earth's domain :
Thus after them the people stray
Sin's brimming fount to drain.

‘Yea,’ say they, ‘how does God discern ?
What can Jehovah know ?’
Lo ! these, the godless, riches earn,
And prosper here below.

Surely in vain I’ve cleansed my heart,
And washed mine hands from stain :
All day beneath Thy rod I smart,
Chastised each morn in vain.

If I had said, ‘Let me speak words,
Which had with these agreed :’
Lo ! I had been disloyal t’wards
The children of Thy seed.

And, when I pondered what this meant,
My weary eyes saw naught :
Till, when to God’s abode I went,
Upon their end I thought.

Surely, where it is slippery,
Thou settest them their path,
And down to ruin from on high
Dost hurl them in Thy wrath.

How in a moment wasting doom
Their greatness undermines !
Completely to an end they come,
Cut off ’mid fearful signs.

Like as a dream, when men awake,
So Thou, when Thou dost rise,
O Lord ! the phantom-form they take
Wilt scornfully despise.

For bitterly my heart was grieved ;
 My reins were pricked in me ;
 And I was dull, of sense bereaved,
 A very beast with Thee.

Yet am I alway by Thy side ;
 My hand is stayed on Thee ;
 Thy counsel here shall be my guide,
 Till I Thy glory see.

Whom have I in the heavens above,
 But Thee, O Lord ! alone ?
 And, save Thyself, for me to love
 On earth there is not one.

Heart, flesh may fail, but God shall still
 My rock and portion be :
 For they must die, who scorn Thy will,
 Or play the whore from Thee.

But, as for me,—for me 'tis best
 To have God alway near :
 Yea, I have made the Lord my rest,
 Thy wonders to declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

The destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem.

WHY, God ! reject us evermore ?
 Why 'gainst Thy sheep thus smokes Thy rage ?
 Think on Thy people bought of yore,
 Redeemed to be Thine heritage,—

On this Mount Zion, too, the place
 Whereon Thou here below hast dwelt.
 Haste ! foes Thy sanctuary deface,
 And with Thy shrine have evil dealt.

Hark ! at that shrine they roar and cry :
 Their signs have they set up as signs.
 It seems as though one raised on high
 Sharp axes 'gainst the forest pines.

The carved work there they now deface
 With axe and hammer all around :
 They set on fire Thy holy place,
 And raze Thy dwelling to the ground.

Yea, in their inmost hearts they said,
 ' Down with them all with ruthless hand ! '
 Thus fire, to burn them, have they laid
 To all God's houses in the land.

Our signs have vanished from our sight :
 There is not left one prophet more ;
 Not one who can foretell aright
 How long our bondage shall endure.

How long, God ! shall the enemy
 Their wild reproaches still proclaim ?
 For ever shall Thy foemen be
 Revilers of Thy holy name ?

Thy hand, Thy right hand, why withhold ?
 Haste ! pluck it forth ! Thy foes consume !
 On earth is God my King of old :
 He works deliverances from doom.

Thou through Thy strength didst part the sea,
 And break whales' heads upon the flood :
 Crushing Leviathan's,—to be
 The people of the desert's food.

Thou clavest fount and brook from stone,
 And ever-flowing streams didst dry :
 The day, the night, are Thine alone :
 The lights and sun Thou sett'dst on high.

Thou fixedst all earth's bounds and made
 Summer and winter by Thy word.
 Remember this ; how foes upbraid,
 And fools despise Thy name, O Lord !

O to the wild beast give not o'er
 The soul of Thine own turtle-dove :
 But let Thy seed for evermore
 Be thought upon by Thee in love.

Look on the league ; filled earth is now
 With gloom and haunts of cruelty :
 O ne'er in shame turn back the low :
 The poor and sad ! let them praise Thee.

Up, Lord ! maintain Thy cause ; and ne'er
 The scoffs of fools all day forget :
 Hark Thy foes' words ; for, loud and clear,
 Their rebel cry is rising yet.

PSALM LXXV.

Thanksgiving.

OUR thanks to Thee, God ! we proclaim,
 Our thanks to Thee alone :
 And nigh us is Thy holy name :—
 Men tell Thy wonders done.

‘ I, when the set time comes, e’en I,
 Just judgment will declare :
 The earth is melted utterly,
 And all the dwellers there.

‘ By Me its pillars are upborne.’
 ‘ Be not so mad,’ said I,
 ‘ Ye fools ;—ye vile, lift not your horn,
 Lift not your horn on high :

‘ With stiff neck open not your mouth !’
 For not from east, nor west,
 Comes lifting up, nor from the south :
 God judgeth what is best.

‘Tis He that layeth this man low,
 And lifteth that man up.
 For, whence a blood-red wine doth flow,
 He holds a mingled cup ;

And He outpoureth of the same,
 Whereof all wicked men,
 Imbibing draughts of grief and shame,
 The very dregs shall drain.

But I of Jacob’s God will speak,—
 In song shall He be praised !—
 And off all godless horns will break,
 While righteous horns are raised.

PSALM LXXVI.

A thanksgiving after victory.

GOD in Judah is well known ;
 Great His name 'mongst Israel's race :
 He in Salem hath His throne ;
 Zion is His dwelling-place :
 There in battle brake the Lord
 Bow and arrows, shield and sword.

Nobler art thou, glorious steep !
 Than the robbers' mountain-lands !
 Brave men, spoiled, have slept their sleep ;
 Men of might found not their hands :
 God of Jacob ! at Thy frown
 Horse and car in sleep sank down.

Thou, e'en Thou, art to be feared :
 Who can bide Thine angry will ?
 When from heaven Thy voice was heard,
 All earth trembled and was still :
 Yea, when God to judge His foes,
 And to save earth's meek ones, rose.

For Thy praise man's wrath must sing ;
 Its last dregs shall be Thy zone.
 Vow and pay to God ;—all bring
 Presents to the Awful One.
 Princes' pride He prunes away,
 And can heathen kings dismay.

PSALM LXXVII.

Past mercies recalled to comfort present affliction.

ALOUD to God I fain would cry,
Yea, with my voice to God on high ;
 Oh ! hearken Thou my supplication !
I sought the Lord in trouble's day,
With hands at night poured forth alway ;
 My soul refused all consolation.

I thought on all that God had done ;
I mourned ; and, as I mused alone,
 My spirit sank in deep dejection.
Mine eyelids didst Thou hold awake,
And ne'er a word my lips could speak,
 So crushed was I by my affliction.

I thought upon the days of old,
The long, long years that by had rolled
 Of many a former generation.
To me at night my song recurred :
I communed with my heart, and stirred
 My soul with strict examination.

‘ Will God cast off for evermore,
And ne'er be kind as heretofore ?
 Is His great mercy wholly ended ?
For all time has the promise failed ?
Forgetting pity, has God veiled
 His love in majesty offended ? ’

'It is my weakness,' then said I,
'O years of Thy right hand, Most High !
Jehovah's exploits celebrating,
Thy signs of old will I recall,
And muse too on Thy wonders all,
Upon Thine exploits meditating.'

In holiness, God ! is Thy way :
What God with Thee bears equal sway ?
Thou art the God, the Wonder-doer !
Thy might abroad hast Thou made known ;
And 'twas Thine arm redeemed Thine own,
Jacob and Joseph's sons, with power.

O God ! the waters saw Thy face ;
They saw, and great was their distress :
Yea, trembling seized deep ocean even :
The clouds in water downwards poured ;
The skies gave forth a voice and roared ;
Thy shafts went here and there through heaven.

Thy thunder in the whirlwind spake ;
The lightnings flashed ; scared earth did quake :
Upon the mighty waters treading,
The sea Thy path, Thy steps unknown,
As sheep, Thou broughtest forth Thine own,
By Moses' hand and Aaron's leading.

PSALM LXXVIII.

An historical retrospect from Moses to David.

‘ My people ! hear my law ; bend down
Your ear unto my word.’
For proverbs would my mouth make known ;
Dark truths of old record.

The things which we have seen and heard,
And what our sires have taught,
Shall to their offspring be declared
By us, concealing naught.

To ages yet to come will we
Recount God’s praise aright :
His power, the works of wonder He
Accomplished by His might.

For He a law for Jacob made ;
For Israel He decreed
A witness, which our sires, He said,
Should publish to their seed :

In order that the age to come
Might know the welcome truth :
And children, yet within the womb,
Rise up and teach their youth :

That they might trust the Lord above,
And not forget His hand :
But ever-faithful servants prove,
Fulfilling His command ;

And not be, as their sires, a race
 Impatient of control ;
 Waverers in heart before His face,
 And of a faithless soul.

The seed of Ephraim, armed with bows,
 Turned back before the foe :
 Unfaithful were they to their vows,
 Nor in God's law would go.

And they forgat what He had done ;
 What wonders once revealed :
 Signs to their sires in Egypt shown,
 And Zoan's plague-struck field.

He clave the sea, and led them through ;
 He heaped its waves upright :
 He made a cloud before them go
 By day ; a fire by night.

Rocks in the wilderness He clave ;
 They drank as from the sea :
 And from the cliff He brought the wave,
 As rivers flowing free.

Still went they on to sin yet more,
 And vexed Him in the waste :
 In heart the Most High tempted sore,
 And longed for meat to taste.

'Gainst God they spake ; and said, ' Shall God
 A table here prepare ?'
 Streams gushed from rocks beneath His rod,
 And torrents swift and clear ;

‘Can He give bread and flesh as well?’

God heard ; and in His ire
Sent forth His wrath ’gainst Israel ;
'Gainst Jacob flames of fire :

Since they were faithless to the Lord,
And trusted not His aid.

Yet to the clouds He gave the word,
And heaven’s gates open laid :

Yea, on them rained He manna down,
Bread sent from heaven to eat :
On angels’ food He fed His own,
And lavished on them meat.

He caused to blow strong eastern gales,
And south winds did command ;
As dust He showered upon them quails,
Winged fowls as ocean’s sand.

Amidst His camp He let them fall,
E'en round about each tent :
So ate they and were sated all ;
For what they craved He sent.

Their lust fulfilled, God’s anger rose,
Ere empty were their mouths :
For death their stoutest ones He chose,
And laid low Israel’s youths.

Still more they sinned, nor grasped their faith
The wonders of His arm :
He therefore made their days a breath,
And all their years alarm.

They sought for God, when 'neath the sword,
With deep repentant cry :
They felt their rock was still the Lord ;
Their Saviour God Most High.

Yet they but flattered with their mouth,
And lied to Him with their tongue,
Unfaithful to their plighted troth,
Their heart from Him went wrong.

But He in mercy doth not slay,
But covers deeds of shame :
And oft He turned His ire away,
Nor stirred His wrath's full flame.

And He remembered—God Most High !—
That they were flesh—frail men !—
A breath of wind that passeth by,
And cometh not again.

How often in the wild their pride
Provoked and grieved Him sore :
Yea, Israel's Holy One they tried,
And grieved Him more and more.

They thought not of His day ; His hand
To save them once revealed ;
His signs set up in Egypt's land ;
His deeds in Zoan's field.

He turned their streams to blood, till they
Their waters dared not taste ;
He sent forth flies on them to prey,
And frogs that laid them waste.

He gave their increase to the worm,
To locusts all their toil ;
Their vines and mulberries to the storm,
And biting frosts, to spoil.

He gave their herds to hailstones dire ;
Their flocks with lightning struck ;
He loosed on them His furious ire,
Wrath, anger, and rebuke.

Thus, letting loose dark hosts of ill,
For wrath He made free way ;
Nor spared their lives from death's rude will,
But with a plague did slay.

All Egypt's first-born seed He smote,
And in Ham's tents their pride !
But He His own like sheep led out,
And through the waste did guide.

He led them safe, from terror free ;
The sea o'erwhelmed their foes.
He brought them to His sanctuary,
The mount His right hand chose.

All tribes before them drove He out,
And did to Israel
A portion there by line allot,
And in their tents to dwell.

The Most High God they vexed and tried,
Nor would His bidding do ;
But, as their sires, they turned aside,
Like a deceitful bow.

With their hill-shrines they vexed the Lord ;
With idols grieved Him sore.
God, hearing this, in wrath abhorred
His people more and more :

Till He rejected Shiloh's shrine,
His tent pitched here below :
And did his strength to bonds resign,
His beauty to the foe.

His own He gave to hostile blades ;
His tribes His anger stirred :
The fire devoured His youths ; His maids
No nuptial music heard.

His priests beneath the swordsman's stroke
Were slain ; no widows grieved :
God, as a giant, then awoke,
By sleep or wine revived.

In backward rout His foes He turned,
And infinite disgrace :
The tent of Joseph's seed He spurned,
And chose not Ephraim's race :

But chose out Judah's family,
Mount Zion of His love :
And high He built His sanctuary,
Like earth no more to move.

His servant David did He choose,
And from the folds removed,
As he was following the ewes,
To feed the tribes He loved.

So Jacob's race and Israel's seed
 He fed with perfect heart :
 And, as their king, God's people led
 With all a ruler's art.

PSALM LXXIX.

A lamentation over the desolation of Jerusalem; a cry for vengeance, and a promise of thankfulness.

O GOD ! the heathen tribes a road
 Into Thine heritage have made ;
 They have defiled Thy blest abode,
 And Salem's walls in ruin laid.

The corpses of Thy servants slain
 They've given to feed the fowls of air :
 And to the beasts that rove the plain
 The flesh of Thy blest saints to tear.

They have outpoured Thy loved ones' blood
 All round about Jerusalem,
 Like water in a ceaseless flood ;
 And there was none to bury them.

Our neighbours taunt us openly ;
 All round us laugh our tribes to scorn :
 How long enraged, Lord ! wilt Thou be ?
 Shall Thy fierce wrath for ever burn ?

Thy fury on those tribes be showered,
 The realms that know nor worship Thee :
 For Jacob's land have men devoured,
 And wasted Jacob's sanctuary.

Remember not against Thine own
 The sins that our forefathers wrought :
 O'ertake us with Thy mercy soon,
 For very low have we been brought.

O Saviour God ! for Thy great Name
 To help Thy servants undertake :
 Deliverance for us now proclaim ;
 Forgive our sins for Thy Name's sake.

Why should the heathen tribes delight
 To say, 'Where is their God ?'—make known
 Among the heathen in our sight
 Vengeance for bloodshed 'mong Thine own.

Let the sad sighing every hour
 Of him in bonds before Thee come :
 According to Thine arm's dread power,
 Spare those appointed to death's doom.

Into their bosoms sevenfold
 Give to our neighbours, for reward,
 The railing blasphemies untold,
 With which they have blasphemed Thee, Lord !

So we, Thine own, Thy flock, to Thee
 Will evermore glad thanks upraise,
 And through all ages constantly
 Recount Thine everlasting praise.

PSALM LXXX.

The Church in the wilderness prays the Good Shepherd to restore His ancient mercies.

O THOU, Israel's Shepherd ! hear,
Who like sheep dost Joseph guide !
Cherub-throned, to save appear ;
Shed forth light on every side.

Rouse Thy might, and Benjamin,
Ephraim, and Manasses lead.
God ! restore us, on us shine,
And from peril we are freed.

Lord of Hosts ! how long wilt Thou
Smoke against Thy people's prayers ?
Feeding them with bread of woe ;
Giving them large draughts of tears.

'Gainst us neighbouring realms combine ;
Foemen mock our every deed.
God of Hosts ! restore us, shine ;
And from peril we are freed !

For a vine from Egypt brought,
Casting out each heathen band,
Mad'st Thou room, and, taking root,
Planted here, it filled the land.

Hills were covered with its shade ;
Goodly cedars 'neath it stood ;
To the sea its branches spread,
And its offshoots to the flood.

Why break down its hedge's top,
Till all passers pluck its fruits ?
Woodland wild boars root it up,
And wild cattle gnaw its shoots.

Turn Thee, God of Hosts ! again,
We beseech Thee ; on us shine :
Out of heaven's bright domain
See and visit Thou this vine ;

E'en the stock, which Thy right hand
Planted in its infancy ;
And the branch, that Thy command
Made to be so strong for Thee.

It is burnt with flames of fire ;
Root and branch 'tis hewn away.
See ! they perish in the ire
Which Thy visage doth display.

On the man of Thy right hand
Let Thine hand for ever be :
On man's son, whom Thy command
Made to be so strong for Thee.

So from Thee will we ne'er fall
Back again to sin and shame :
Quicken us, and we will call
Ever on Thy holy name.

O Jehovah, God of might !
Once again restore, and shed
O'er Thine own Thy face's light ;
And from peril we are freed.

PSALM LXXXI.

A festival psalm.

SING for joy to God our might ;
To the God of Jacob shout :
Swell the psalm, the timbrel smite,
With the pleasant harp and lute.

Trumpets at the new moon blow ;
At the full moon for our feast :
For by Israel's law 'tis so ;
'Tis the God of Jacob's hest ;

Witnessing by His command
To the tribes from Joseph sprung ;
When he went o'er Egypt's land ;—
Where I heard an unknown tongue.

' From his shoulder I removed
Heavy burdens which he bore ;
And the hands of my beloved
With the basket toiled no more.

' Thou in woe didst call aloud,
And I straightway saved thy life ;
Heard thee from the thunder cloud ;
Proved thee by the wells of strife.

' Hear, My tribes on earth below !
And I will protest to thee :
If, O Israel ! if thou now
Would'st but listen unto Me :

‘ That no strange God there should be
 In the place of thine abode ;
 And that thou should’st bow the knee
 To no false and alien God !

‘ Lord and God am I alone ;
 Out of Egypt brought I thee :
 Open wide thy mouth, and soon
 Will I fill it plenteously.

‘ But Mine own ne’er heard My voice ;
 Nor would Israel’s tribes obey :
 So I left them—their lust’s choice—
 As they would to go astray.

‘ O that ye would hear, Mine own !
 Would that Israel walked with Me :
 Soon their foes would I fling down,
 And attack each enemy.

‘ Haters of the Lord should cower ;
 And for ever should My flock
 Live on, fed with finest flour,
 Filled with honey from the rock.’

PSALM LXXXII.

The unrighteous rulers of this world arraigned and condemned by God.

GOD in His own divine assembly stands :
 He judges those who, god-like, rule all lands.

‘ How long will ye misjudge the cause of right,
And in the person of the vile delight ?

‘ Judge ye the feeble and the fatherless ;
Do justice to the lowly in distress ;
Go, rescue ye the feeble and the poor ;
Deliver them from sinners’ hands once more.

‘ They understand not, neither will they know ;
In darkness still they wander to and fro :
The deep foundations ’neath the whole world laid
Are out of course. Lo ! I Myself have said,

‘ Ye all are gods, the Highest’s sons ; but all
Shall die like men, like earthly princes fall !’
Rise, God ! in judgment of the world engage ;
For all the nations are Thine heritage.

PSALM LXXXIII.

*Israel’s prayer for protection against, and the destruction
of, the heathen nations allied against her.*

HOLD not Thy tongue, O God ! no more
Keep silence, nor Thyself restrain ;
For, lo ! Thy foes against Thee roar,
And lift their heads in proud disdain.

Craft ’gainst Thy people have they planned,
And taken counsel ’gainst Thine own :
They say, ‘ Come ! root them from the land ;
That Israel’s name no more be known.’

For they've conspired with one accord,
 And are confederate 'gainst Thee ;—
 Edom's and Ishmael's tents outpoured,
 Moab's and Hagar's family :

Gebal and Ammon, with the hosts
 Of Amalek, Philistia, Tyre ;
 With whom the hordes of Ashur's coasts,
 To help the seed of Lot, conspire.

But, as Thou didst by Kishon's stream
 To Midian, Sisera, Jabin, Lord !
 Who fell at Endor, and became
 Dung for the soil, so these reward.

As Zeb and Oreb, last and first,
 Be they destroyed ; their kings o'erthrown,
 As Zeba and Zalmunna erst,
 Who sought to make God's lot their own.

Make them like whirling dust, my God ;
 As chaff before a breath of air ;
 As fire that burneth up a wood,
 And flame that licks the mountains bare ;

So with Thy blasts pursue this race ;
 Confound them with Thy tempests' roar.
 Let shame, Lord ! cover o'er their face ;
 That thus Thy name they may adore.

With ever greater woe appalled,
 Let them be put to shame and die ;
 And know that Thou, Jehovah called,
 Art o'er all earth alone Most High.

PSALM LXXXIV.

The Temple of God is the true home of the exiled Israelite.

How lovely, Lord of Hosts ! to me
 Appears Thy blest abode ;
 My soul longs sore, yea, faints, to see
 Thy courts, O Lord my God !
 My heart and flesh with fond desire
 To Thee, the living God, aspire.

The sparrow, seeking where to rest,
 Her home therein hath made ;
 The swallow there hath found a nest,
 Where she her young hath laid ;
 The altars e'en of Thine abode,
 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God !

Blest they who dwell about that shrine ;
 For they can praise Thee still :
 Blest is the man whose strength is Thine,
 Whose heart those highways fill !
 They, passing through the vale of woes,
 Make it a well whence comfort flows.

Glad thoughts of it their journey cheer,
 As rain the desert waste ;
 Strong, and yet stronger, they appear,
 As onward still they haste ;
 Until at length with joy they come
 Before the Lord in Zion's home.

Lord God of Hosts ! attend my cry ;
 Hear, God of Jacob's race !
 O God our shield ! look down from high
 On Thine anointed's face ;
 For in Thy courts a single day
 Is worth a thousand spent away.

Far rather would I keep the door
 Of mine own God's abode,
 Than dwell in tents, where men abhor
 The perfect law of God.
 For well I know the Lord above
 A sun and shield doth ever prove.

Jehovah giveth grace untold,
 And endless glory bright ;
 No perfect gift doth He withhold
 From them that walk upright.
 O Lord of Hosts ! how blest is he
 Who puts his constant trust in Thee !

PSALM LXXXV.

Grateful faith,—penitent intercession,—joyful hope.

LORD ! Thou hadst, with tender yearning,
 Gracious to Thy land become ;
 Back once more their bondage turning,
 Jacob's tribes hadst Thou brought home.

. Thou hadst deigned their guilt to bury,
 Covering all their sin from view ;
 Thou hadst gathered in Thy fury,
 And from fierce wrath drawn back too.

Turn us, God of our salvation !
 Let Thine anger cease to be :
 Wilt Thou show Thine indignation
 'Gainst Thine own continually ?

Wilt Thou, still Thy wrath extending,
 Let it through all ages live ?
 Wilt Thou not, renewed life sending,
 Let our joy in Thee revive ?

Granting to us Thy salvation,
 Lord ! Thy tender love display.
 Let me hear what to our nation
 Now the Lord our God will say.

Verily of peace He ever
 Will discourse unto His own,
 And His loving ones ; but never
 Let self-trust again be shown.

Surely is the Lord's salvation
 Nigh to them that fear His name :
 That in this our land and nation
 Glory may her dwelling claim.

Truth and mercy are united ;
 Peace and righteousness caress ;
 Truth from earth shall spring unblighted ;
 And from heaven beams righteousness.

God all good on us bestowing,
 Plenty shall our land provide ;
 Righteousness, before Him going,
 In His way our steps shall guide.

PSALM LXXXVI.

A prayer.

To hear, O Lord ! Thine ear incline,
For I am poor and lone :
God ! keep my soul,—for I am Thine,—
And save Thy faithful one.

Have pity upon me, O Lord !
All day to Thee I cry :
Lord ! comfort to my soul accord,
Which I uplift on high.

For Thou, O Lord ! art good to all,
And ready to forgive :
Plenteous in love for such as call
Upon Thee, and believe.

Lord ! when I cry, give ear to me,
And hear my voice in prayer :
In troublous times I'll call on Thee,
For Thou wilt surely hear.

Lord ! there is none the gods among
Like Thee ; no works like Thine :
To praise Thee shall Thy creatures throng
In worship at Thy shrine.

For Thou art great ; a God that doth
Great things ; the only God :
Teach me Thy way ; Thy path of truth
By me, Lord ! shall be trod.

Unite my heart to fear Thy name.
 I, Lord my God ! to Thee
 Will thanks with all my heart proclaim,
 And praise it constantly.

For endless is the tender love
 That Thou t'ward me dost show :
 My ransomed soul didst Thou remove
 From hell's dark depths below.

O God ! the proud against me rise ;
 And hosts of men in ire,
 Who have not God before their eyes,
 Against my soul conspire.

A kind and tender God Thou art,
 Long-suffering, gentle, mild :
 O hear in love, Thy strength impart,
 And save Thine handmaid's child.

Some sign for good upon me show ;
 Till those who hate me see
 With shame, how Thou hast helped my woe,
 And deigned its balm to be.

PSALM LXXXVII.

A prophecy.

GOD delights in Zion's towers,
 Founded on the holy heights :
 More than in all Jacob's bowers,
 God in Zion's gates delights.

Glorious is thy future story,
 O thou city of the Lord !
 ' Rahab, Babel, for thy glory
 'Mong Mine own will I record.

' Lo ! as from thy borders springing,
 Philistines, and they of Tyre,
 With the Morians, gladly singing,
 Shall come forth, thy new-born choir.'

Hark ! in chorus hear them chanting,
 ' Zion is our place of birth :
 Her the Highest, firmly planting,
 Shall establish o'er the earth !'

This their birth-place God, when writing
 Up all lands, shall count to be !
 Song and dance and all inviting
 Founts of gladness are in thee.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

The Psalmist in his sufferings prays to God, but cannot obtain comfort.

O LORD, God of my salvation !
 Day and night I've cried to Thee,
 Look upon my supplication,
 And incline Thine ear to me.

For my soul is full of sighing,
 And my life draws nigh the tomb ;
 I, accounted as one dying,
 Weak and helpless am become.

'Mong the dead have I been banished,
Like the slain, whose life is o'er,
Out of Thy remembrance vanished,
Guided by Thy hand no more.

Thou in lowest depths hast laid me ;
In the darkness and the deep :
Down hath Thy fierce anger weighed me ;
And Thy billows o'er me sweep.

My familiar friends forsake me ;
Made by Thee to hate me sore :
Such a prisoner my woes make me,
That I can get forth no more.

Wastes mine eye through tribulation !
I have stretched mine hands to Thee,
Lord ! all day, in adoration :—
Shall the dead Thy wonders see ?

Shall their risen shades adore Thee ?
Shall Thy mercies in the tomb
Be rehearsed by them before Thee ?
Or Thy faithfulness in doom ?

Shall Thy deeds of wondrous glory
In the dark be known once more ?
Or Thy righteousness' glad story
Echo round oblivion's shore ?

As for me, Lord ! in the morning
Doth my suppliant cry arise :
Why cast off my soul, Lord ! turning
From me with averted eyes ?

From my youth, by troubles saddened,
 I have been prepared to die :
 All Thy terrors, till nigh maddened,
 Have I suffered constantly.

Thy fierce anger, o'er me going,
 With its horrors breaks me down :
 Through the day all round me flowing,
 Like a flood, my soul they drown.

Every friend I had and lover
 Hast Thou put far off from me :
 Darkness now do I discover
 My familiar friend to be.

PSALM LXXXIX.

The contrast between the ancient promises to David's house and the present lot of the heirs of those promises.

GOD's love shall ever be my song ;
 Thy truth my theme through ages long :
 For I have said, 'Love still shall rise ;
 Thy truth be stablished in the skies.'

'A league with David have I made,
 And to Mine own have sworn and said,
 From age to age thy seed shall reign ;
 Thy throne for aye will I sustain.'

O Lord ! the very heavens shall praise
 The wonders of Thy works and ways :
 And magnify Thy truth among
 The holy ones' assembled throng.

For who among the clouds of sky
 Can be compared to God Most High ?
 And who among the gods is he
 Like to the Lord in majesty ?

A God by saints to be revered ;
 More than all round Him to be feared :
 Who, Lord of hosts ! like Thee is found,
 Whose faithfulness is round Thee bound ?

Thou rul'st the raging of the sea :
 Its tossing waves are stilled by Thee,
 As dead sank Rahab 'neath Thy blows :
 Thy mighty arm dispersed Thy foes.

The heavens are Thine ; the earth is Thine :
 Thou fix'dst the world and all therein ;
 The north and south Thine hands did frame ;
 Tabor and Hermon praise Thy name.

Thine is an arm of majesty :
 Strong is Thine hand, Thy right hand high.
 Justice and judgment bear Thy throne ;
 Truth, love, before Thy face have gone.

Blest they who know the joyful sound,
 And walking in Thy light are found :
 All day with joy Thy name they bless,
 Exalted in Thy righteousness.

For Thou their greatness dost adorn :
 Thy favour shall exalt our horn.
 Our shield belongs to God alone :
 Our king to Israel's Holy One.

Then spakest Thou from heaven's throne
In visions to Thine Holy One :
‘ To help the mighty have I sworn :
Exalting one but lowly born.

‘ My servant David did I bring,
With holy oil anointed king :
Mine hands shall keep him firm and staid ;
Mine arm shall be his mighty aid.

‘ No foe upon him shall exact ;
No son of wickedness afflict :
Before him will I crush the foe,
And them that hate him overthrow.

‘ My truth and love for ever nigh,
His horn shall through My name rise high :
His hand will I set on the main ;
His right hand o'er the floods to reign.

“ “ Thou art my Father,” shall he say,
“ My God, salvation's rock and stay ! ”
He shall be Mine of eldest birth ;
Most High above the kings of earth.

‘ For him I still will keep My love :
Faithful My league with him shall prove.
His seed for ever shall endure :
His throne as days of heaven be sure.

‘ But if his seed My statutes break ;
If they my judgments' path forsake ;
Or, if My precepts they profane,
And sin against what I ordain :

‘Then shall their misdeeds feel the rod ;
 Their sin the scourges of their God :
 But love from him I ne’er will take,
 Nor let that fail, which once I spake.

‘ My covenant I’ll not profane :
 Nor alter what My lips ordain.
 Once have I sworn—I will not lie
 To David—by My sanctity.

‘ His seed shall ever fill his throne,
 Which is before Me as the sun.
 Still, as the moon, shall it stand fast :
 And as heaven’s faithful witness last.’

Yet Thine anointed hast Thou spurned,
 Cast off, and in fierce wrath o’erturned.
 His league hast Thou made void ; his crown
 Hast Thou profaned and trampled down.

Thou hast destroyed his fences all,
 And made his forts in ruin fall :
 His goods all passers, plundering, spoil ;
 His neighbours taunt him and revile.

His foes’ right hand exalted is
 By Thee ; and glad his enemies :
 His sword’s flint edge is turned by Thee ;
 In battle hast Thou made him flee.

Thou hast not let his glory last ;
 But to the ground his throne hast cast :
 His days of youth hast Thou cut short,
 And robes of shame for him hast wrought.

How long, Lord ! wilt Thou hide ? Thine ire
Shall it for ever burn like fire ?
O think how short is my life's span !
For what vain end hast Thou made man ?

What man alive shall ne'er see death ?
What soul escape from hell beneath ?
Where are Thy former mercies, Lord ?
Once sworn to David by Thy word ?

Remember, Lord ! Thy servants' shame :
How in my breast I bear the blame
Of many nations, which is poured
On Thee by all Thy foemen, Lord ;

The blasphemies they heap upon
The steps of Thine anointed one.
Blest be the Lord in thankful strain
For evermore. Amen, Amen.

BOOK IV.

PSALM XC.

The afflicted penitent staying himself by faith on the mercy of the everlasting God.

LORD ! Thou our dwelling-place alone
Hast been through every age bygone :
Before the mountains yet had birth,
Or Thou hadst framed the teeming earth ;
Thou art, from everlasting even
To everlasting, God in heaven.

Thou turnedst man to dust again,
And said'st, 'Return, ye sons of men !'
For as the hours of yesterday,—
Seeing they quickly pass away,—
Yea, as a single watch at night,
A thousand years are in Thy sight.

From hence Thou sweptest them away
As with a flood ; asleep were they :
At early morning were they as
The green and freshly springing grass :
At early morn it blooms and grows :
'Tis dry and withered ere day close.

For in Thine ire we pine away :
 Scared, if Thou should'st Thy wrath display.
 Thou hast before Thy searching eyes
 Set out all our iniquities :
 Our secret heart-sins in the light
 That beams forth from Thy visage bright.

For 'neath Thine indignation dread,
 Lo ! all our days have vanish'd ;
 And to an end our years have we
 Brought, as a mournful reverie :
 But seventy years our life is long,
 Or eighty, if a man be strong.

Their pride is toil and vanity :
 It dashes past ; and hence we flee.
 Who can Thine anger's might discern,
 How awfully Thy wrath can burn ?
 To count our days may we be taught,
 And gain a heart with wisdom fraught !

Return, O Lord !—how long ? and now
 Compassion t'ward Thy servants show :
 O satisfy us in the morn
 With mercy Thou hast t'wards us borne :
 And we will lift the hymn of praise
 In joy and gladness all our days.

According to the days we bore
 Thy chastening, gladden us once more ;
 The years of bitter grief, wherein
 Nothing but sorrow we have seen,
 Show to Thy servants in their need
 Thy work ; Thy glory to their seed.

And let the beauty of the Lord
 Our God upon us be outpoured :
 Oh ! all our handiwork do Thou
 On us, Thy people, stablish now :
 The handiwork our hands have done,
 Yea, stablish it upon Thine own.

PSALM XCI.

God's loving and watchful care, and the perfect peace and security of those who make Him their refuge.

WHO sitteth in the Most High's bower,
 And rests beneath the Almighty's shade,
 Saith of the Lord, 'He is my tower,
 My refuge in misfortune's hour ;
 The God on Whom my trust is stayed.'

For from the hunter's snares shall He
 Keep thee, and wasting pestilence :
 He with His wings shall cover thee ;
 His feathers shall thy refuge be ;
 His truth thy buckler and defence.

No midnight terror shalt thou dread,
 No arrow flying in the day,
 No sickness that with stealthy tread
 Roams forth, when darkness round is spread,
 No plagues that seek their noon tide prey.

A thousand at thy side may die ;
 Ten thousand fall upon thy right :
 Still ne'er to thee shall it come nigh :
 But thou, beholding with thine eye,
 Shall see how God doth sin requite.

For Thou, Jehovah, shelterest me :
 Since thou hast chosen God Most High
 Thy castle of defence to be,
 There shall no evil chance to thee,
 No plague approach thy dwelling nigh.

For to His angels God will say,
 ' Guard ye his footsteps round about :'
 And in their mighty hands shall they
 Uphold thee safe upon thy way ;
 Lest 'gainst a stone thou strike thy foot.

On asp and lion shalt thou tread ;
 Snake and young lion trample down :
 ' Because he loves me,' God hath said,
 ' Him will I free ; and lift his head,
 Because by him My name is known.

' I will reply, whene'er he prays ;
 I will be with him in his woe,
 Save him, and to high honour raise ;
 Fulfilling him with length of days ;
 And to him My salvation show.'

PSALM XCII.

A psalm for the Sabbath day.

'TIS good to thank the Lord above;
 In psalms, Most High ! Thy name to bless !
 At early morn to tell Thy love,
 And every night Thy faithfulness,
 With ten-stringed harp, yea, with the lute,
 And with the lyre's deep-sounding note.

For, Lord ! my heart Thy doings cheer :
 Loud will I sing what Thou hast wrought.
 How great, O Lord ! Thy works appear,
 Exceeding deep Thine every thought.
 This truth the boorish doth not know :
 The unwise gives no heed thereto.

When wicked men sprang up as grass,
 And evil-doers bloomed around :
 It was that they away might pass
 For aye ; Thou, Lord ! for aye art throned.
 For, lo ! Thy foes shall perish, Lord !
 Ill-doers shall be spread abroad.

As bison's high is lift mine horn ;
 Anointed with fresh oil am I :
 Mine eye hath seen my foes o'erborne ;
 Mine ear hath heard the sinners' cry :
 Like budding palms the just shall be ;
 And grow like Lebanon's cedar-tree.

They, planted in God's holy House,
 Shall spring up in His sanctuary :
 Fruit in old age shall they produce ;
 And green and full of moisture be :
 The Lord's uprightness to declare ;
 My Rock ! who can no evil bear !

PSALM XCIII.

The majesty of Jehovah as the Ruler of the universe.

JEHOVAH reigneth ; He is dight
 With power, and clad with kingly right ;
 The Lord hath girt Himself with might.

Yea, earth is stablished, firm and sure,—
 Thy throne is stablished from of yore :
 All count of time art Thou before.

The streams have lifted up, O Lord !
 Have lifted up their voice and roared ;
 The streams uplift their noise abroad.

Than many waters' voices,—even
 Those glorious breakers, ocean-driven,—
 More glorious is the Lord in heaven.

Most sure Thy testimonies be ;
 Lord ! holiness eternally
 Beseems Thine House and sanctuary.

PSALM XCIV.

An appeal to God against tyrants by one whose confidence in God's righteousness is unshaken.

LORD ! Thou God, to whom belongeth
Vengeance which is only Thine :
Who, when man his brother wrongeth,
Claimest vengeance, on us shine !

Rise, Thou Judge of all creation !
Give the proud their due reward :
How long shall each godless nation,
How long shall they triumph, Lord !

Floods of vaunting words outpouring,
Sinners proudly toss the head :
And, Thy people, Lord ! devouring,
On Thine heritage they tread.

Sojourner and widow slay they,
Murdering orphans in their ire ;
And yet, ' Tush ! God sees not ! ' say they,
' Nor will Jacob's God enquire ! '

O ye boorish ones ! beware you :
When, ye fools ! will ye be wise ?
He, who formed the ear, not hear you ?
He not see, who made the eyes ?

He not chide, who nations learneth,
Teaching man His way to see ?
Tis the Lord man's thoughts discerneth,
That they are but vanity.

Blest is he, Thou, Lord ! correctest,
Teaching him what Thou hast said :
And in evil days protectest,
Till the pit for vile men's made.

For God ne'er, His people leaving,
Will forsake His heritage :
Judgment yet, to justice cleaving,
Must all upright hearts engage.

Who will rise and punish for me
Those, whose malice I have felt ?
Had Jehovah not watched o'er me,
Soon in silence had I dwelt.

When I say, ' My footing fails me !'
Then Thy love upholds me, Lord !
When distracting care assails me,
Comfort find I in Thy word.

Can sin's throne with Thine be blended,
Which by law doth mischief frame ?
'Gainst the souls of good men banded,
They the guiltless blood condemn.

But the Lord, my rock and tower,
Makes their sin its own reward :
He will raze them by its power,—
Raze them will our God and Lord.

PSALM XCV.

The invitational psalm.

COME, let us sing unto the Lord
 In joyful adoration,
 And loudly praise with one accord
 The Rock of our salvation.

Come, let us haste into His sight,
 Our grateful offerings bringing ;
 And shout for joy with heart and might,
 Loud anthems to Him singing.

For He is God ; His power untold ;
 Above all gods He reigneth :
 His hands the earth's deep places hold ;
 The high hills He sustaineth :

The seas are His ; He made them all ;
 Dry land 'mid them revealing :—
 Come ye, in worship let us fall,
 Before our Maker kneeling.

For He's the Lord our God, and we
 The people whom He feedeth :
 The sheep too of His hand, whom He
 Therewith so gently leadeth.

To-day give ear,—‘ Steel not your hearts,
 As in the provocation :
 As did your sires in desert parts
 In time of dire temptation.

‘ When by your fathers tempted sore,
 And proved,—My works displaying,—
 I loathed My people more and more
 Through forty long years, saying :—
 ‘ “ It is a race whose hearts do err,
 Nor know My ways, nor heed them : ”
 Wherefore I sware in wrath I ne’er
 Unto My rest would lead them.’

PSALM XCVI.

The Psalmist looks forward with joyful certainty to the establishment of a divine kingdom upon earth.

SING to the Lord a glad new song ;
 Sing to the Lord, ye earth-born throng !
 Sing to the Lord, and bless His name ;
 Each day His saving health proclaim.

Show to all lands His glory bright,
 And to all tribes His deeds of might :
 For great and glorious is He ;
 Above all gods in majesty.

For heathen gods but idols are ;
 But He the heavens did prepare :
 Glory and power are in His sight ;
 And splendour at His shrine and might.

Ascribe to Him, each heathen tribe !
 Strength, glory, to the Lord ascribe :
 Give to His name the honour due ;
 Come, in His courts with offerings sue,

Worship the Lord in robes of white ;
 Tremble, all earth ! before His might :
 Unto all lands the tidings bring,
 ' Jehovah hath become your King !

'Therefore the world stands firm and sure;
 Unshaken still doth it endure :
 Upon the peoples there shall He
 Sentence pronounce in equity.'

Ye heavens, rejoice ! earth, joy still more !
 With all thy fulness, ocean, roar !
 Ye fields, and all that therein is,
 Be glad, and shout, ye woodland trees !

Before the Lord, for He shall come,
 Shall come to give the earth its doom :
 The world in righteousness to prove,
 The peoples in His truth and love.

PSALM XCVII.

The advent of Jehovah, and His righteous rule over the whole earth.

JEHOVAH reigns ; sing, earth ! aloud ;
 Shout, myriad isles ! with joyful tone !
 Darkness and clouds His form enshroud ;
 Justice and judgment bear His throne ;
 A flaming fire before Him goes,
 And licks up His surrounding foes.

Throughout the world His lightnings glowed ;
The earth beheld, and trembled sore :
The hills, like wax, before Him flowed,
Lord of all earth from shore to shore.
The heavens His righteousness have shown,
And every land His glory known.

Ashamed be all who worship stone,
And boast them in idolatry :
Before Him, all ye gods ! bow down.
Zion heard with an exultant cry,
And Judah's maids their joy outpoured,
Because of Thy just judgments, Lord !

For Thou, O Lord ! o'er earth art high,
Exalted far all gods above :
Hate, ye His saints ! iniquity :
He keeps their souls who bear Him love ;
And from the hand will set them free
Of their ungodly enemy.

Light for the righteous man is sown ;
Gladness for him in heart upright :
Be glad then in the Lord alone,
Ye righteous that in Him delight !
And ever grateful thanks proclaim
Unto the Lord's most holy name.

PSALM XCVIII.

The last great revelation of God.

SING to Jehovah a new song,
For wondrous deeds to Him belong :
His right hand and His arm from heaven
Have unto Him the victory given.

The Lord hath made salvation known,
And unto all His goodness shown :
His love and truth t'wards Israel's race,
And to earth's ends His saving grace.

Shout gaily to the Lord, thou earth !
Break forth in ringing songs of mirth :
Upon the harp before Him play ;
Upon the harp with tuneful lay.

With clarions and the trumpet's note
Before the King Jehovah shout :
Let ocean thunder with its store ;
The world, and they that dwell there, roar.

Clap hands, ye floods ! hills, sing for glee !
Jehovah comes earth's Judge to be :
The world with justice shall He try,
And all its tribes with equity.

PSALM XCIX.

'A terrestrial echo of the seraphic trisagion.'

JEHOVAH reigns ;—realms, tremble greatly !
 On cherubs throned ;—earth, quake with fear !
 The Lord in Zion, high and stately,
 Reigns over all the peoples here !
 Since He is holy,
 His great and awful name revere.

Kings' strength, that loves to right the lowly,
 Hast Thou set up in equity,
 Who ruledst Jacob justly, truly.—
 Exalters of the Lord God be,
 Since He is holy,
 And at His footstool bend the knee.

Moses and Aaron, priests of heaven,
 And Samuel 'mong the adoring crowd,
 Called to the Lord, by Whom was given
 An answer from the pillared cloud :
 They to His witness
 And to the law He gave them bowed.

O Lord our God ! in answer speaking
 To them, a pardoning God wast Thou,
 Though vengeance on their misdeeds taking.
 The Lord our God exalt ye now,
 Since He is holy,
 And at His holy mountain bow.

PSALM C.

A song of triumph and thanksgiving.

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !

SHOUT out, all lands ! unto the Lord :
Jehovah serve with glad accord ;
Before Him come with song outpoured.
Alleluia !

Be sure the Lord is God indeed ;
He made us, and we are His seed,
His own, the sheep that He doth feed.
Alleluia !

O enter then His sacred ways
With grateful hymns, His courts with praise :
Give thanks to Him, His name upraise.
Alleluia !

For He is good, His love shall last
Through years to come, as ages past :
His truth for evermore stands fast.

Alleluia !

PSALM CI.

'The godly purposes and resolves of a king.'

LOVE and judgment is my lay ;
Psalms, Lord ! will I sing to Thee :
I will heed a perfect way ;—
O when wilt Thou come to me ?—

With a perfect heart will I
Walk within my house upright :
Not a thought of villainy
Will I set before my sight.

Deeds I hate that lead astray ;
Such to me shall never cling :
Froward hearts ! from me away !
I will know no wicked thing.

Him, who secretly tells lies
Of his neighbour, I'll root out :
And the man of lofty eyes,
And proud heart, will suffer not.

Faithful men mine eyes survey,
That they may abide with me :
Whoso treads the perfect way,
He my minister shall be.

None shall dwell, who worketh guile,
In my house's boundaries ;
He who utters falsehoods vile
Shall not stand before mine eyes.

All the godless morn by morn
 Hence will I root out, till I
 Have all evil-doers shorn
 From Thy city, Lord Most High !

PSALM CII.

'A prayer of the afflicted; when he faints, and pours out his meditation before the Lord.'

LORD ! hear my prayer, and let my cry
 Come up into Thine ear :
 Hide not from me Thy pitying eye,
 When troublous times draw near.

Hear, when I call, and soon ; on earth
 My days, like smoke, fleet past ;
 And as a brand upon the hearth,
 My bones through fever waste.

My heart, like grass, is bruised and dry ;
 My food, forgot, I leave :
 My bones, so mournfully I sigh,
 E'en to my flesh do cleave.

As 'twere a pelican, whose home
 Is in the wild, am I :
 And like an owl have I become,
 That mopes 'mid ruins high :

Yea, as a sparrow on the roof,
 Have I kept watch forlorn ;
 And borne all day my foes' reproof,
 Fierce oaths by my name sworn.

On ashes, as my food, I sup,
As though they had been bread :
And mingle in my drinking-cup
The tears that I have shed,

Because of all the anger sore,
And wrath, that Thou hast shown :
For Thou upliftedst me of yore,
And now hast cast me down.

My days are, as a shadow, past,
And I, like grass, grow dry :
But, Lord ! Thy throne for aye shall last ;
Thy name, as years roll by.

Thou wilt arise, and mercy show
To Zion, our loved home :
For 'tis the time for pity now ;
For the set time hath come.

Thy saints, to whom her stones are dear,
Feel pity for her dust.
Thy glory so all kings shall fear ;
Thy name all nations trust ;

For God hath built up Zion's walls,
And let His light appear ;
Hath turned toward the poor, who calls,
And not despised his prayer.

This for succeeding ages write
That those unborn may praise
The Lord, who looks from heaven's height,
And all the earth surveys,

The captive's sighs and groans to hear,
And let death's children go ;
God's name in Zion to declare,
His praise all Salem thro' :

Whilst tribes and realms together crowd
The Lord to serve and praise.
He in the way my strength hath bowed,
And shortened here my days.

I said, ' My God ! remove me not,
When half my days are past ;
O Thou, whose endless years throughout
All generations last.

' The earth of old didst Thou set fast ;
The heavens Thine hands did mould.
They perish ; but Thou still shalt last ;
As robes, shall they wax old :

' Thou, as a garment, changest them,
And changed they all shall be,
But Thou for ever art the same ;
Thy years no end shall see.

The children of Thy servants' race
Shall dwell on in the land ;
Their seed, too, shall before Thy face
Unmoved for ever stand.'

PSALM CIII.

A hymn of gratitude to God for His grace and compassion shown to the psalmist individually, and to his nation collectively.

O PRAISE the Lord, my soul ! and all
 Within me praise His holy name.
 O praise the Lord, my soul ! recall
 His bounties, nor forget the same.

Who, when thou sinnest, pardoneth it ;
 Who from all sickness sets thee free ;
 Who holds thy life back from the pit,
 With love and mercy crowning thee.

Who satisfies thine heart's desire
 With whatsoever things are good ;
 And causeth thee with youthful fire
 And eagle's strength to be renewed.

The Lord for all, by wrong bowed down,
 Justice and judgment doth decree :
 His ways to Moses He made known ;
 His works to Israel's family.

Gracious and merciful is He ;
 Long-suffering, with much love in store.
 He will not strive unceasingly,
 Nor keep strict watch for evermore.

According to our guilt, He ne'er
 Hath dealt with us ; nor, when we sin,
 According to our misdeeds here,
 Hath His requital of us been.

For as the heaven is high above
 The earth's expanse spread far and near,
 So mighty is His tender love
 O'er those who worship Him in fear.

As far as east from west hath He
 Removed from us our sin and shame.
 With all a father's sympathy
 He pities those that fear His name.

For He—He our formation knows ;
 Remembering that from dust we spring.
 Man's days are as the grass that grows,
 But as a field flower blossoming.

A wind blows o'er it, and 'tis past ;
 Its place henceforth ne'er knows it more,
 But ever doth God's mercy last
 On them that in His fear adore :

His righteousness the Lord doth grant
 To children's children ;—yea, unto
 All such as keep His covenant,
 Rememb'ring His behests to do.

The Lord in heaven hath fixed His throne ;
 His kingdom ruleth over all :
 Praise Him, His hosts ! each mighty one
 In power, who waits upon His call !

Praise Him, His angel-companies !
 Servants, who act 'neath His control !
 O praise Him, all ye works of His !
 Where'er He reigns. Praise Him, my soul !

PSALM CIV.

The second part of the hymn of gratitude to God.

My soul ! praise the Lord !
God, great is Thy might :
With majesty clothed,
And honour divine,
Thyself Thou enfoldest
In garments of light ;
As curtains, outspreading
The heavens in line.

He doth to the floods
His chamber-beams bind,
And out of the clouds
His chariot He frames ;
He treads, as He walketh,
The wings of the wind :
Winds makes He His angels,
His ministers flames.

Firm fixed He the earth,
No more to remove :
Thou o'er it, as robes,
The deep didst outspread :
The flood-waters, standing
The mountains above,
Rebuked by Thy thunder,
Fell backward afraid.

Up mountains they climbed,
Down valleys they ran,
Until in the place
Thou'dst founded they stand.
A bound hast Thou set them ;
That pass they ne'er can ;
Nor can they turn backward
To cover the land.

Down chines He sends springs ;
'Twixt hills they make way :
To beasts of the field
Each stream, as it flows,
Gives drink ; and wild asses
Their thirst there allay :
The birds dwell above them,
And sing 'mong the boughs.

He waters the hills
From chambers on high :
The earth is fulfilled
With fruits of His hands :
Green grass to spring up for
The cattle's supply,
And herbs for the service
Of men, He commands :

That He from the earth
May cause to come bread :
That wine may make glad
Poor, feeble man's heart.
That oil o'er his visage
Fresh lustre may shed ;
And bread to man's spirit
New power impart.

God's trees have their fill,
The cedars which He
On Lebanon set,
Where birds build their nests ;
The fir the stork dwells in ;
High hills for goats be ;
A refuge for conies
The rocks' dizzy crests.

The moon did He make
Set seasons to light ;
The sun knows his time
To sink in the west ;
If Thou wilt have darkness,
It straightway is night,
When beasts of the forest
No longer can rest.

The lions' fierce brood
Roar after their prey,
And seeking their food
From God each one goes.
The sun then arises ;
They get them away,
And in their dense coverts
Lie down to repose.

Man goes to his work
And toil till night-fall !
How manifold are
Thy works, too, O Lord !
Thou hast in much wisdom
Created them all ;
The earth with Thy treasures
Is plenteously stored.

Yon sea, great and wide—
There countless life moves,
Both small and great beasts :
There merchant-ships go ;
Leviathan, whom Thou,
Therein as he roves,
Hast formed his rough pastime
To take, is there too.

All wait upon Thee
At set times for food.
Thou givest to them—
They gather each day ;
Thine hand dost Thou open—
They surfeit of good.
Thy face Thou aertest—
Confounded are they :

Thou takest their breath—
They gasp, and—life sped—
Return to the dust,
Whence God gave them birth.
Thy breath forth Thou sendest—
Once more they are made,
Thou also renewest
The face of the earth.

May God's glory live ;
His works be His joy ;
Whose look shakes the earth ;
Whose touch the hills fires :
My tongue the Lord's praises
Through life shall employ ;
And, whilst I have being,
My God the stringed lyres.

Him let my thoughts please,
 I joy to adore ;
 Let sinners from earth
 Be consumed at His Word :
 And all the ungodly
 Let them be no more.
 With loud hallelujahs,
 My soul ! praise the Lord !

PSALM CV.

God's unfailing mercy to Israel.

THANK the Lord, extol His name ;
 Make His exploits known abroad :
 Sing and play to Him ; proclaim
 All the wonders of the Lord.

In His holy name delight ;
 Joy in heart, who God adore :
 Seek Jehovah and His might ;
 Seek His face for evermore.

Think of all His might in deed,
 Judgments given, tokens shown,
 Ye, His servant Abraham's seed !
 And ye Jacob's sons, His own !

He, Jehovah, is our God ;
 In all earth His judgments are :
 To His league He e'er hath stood,
 Ages through to what He swore ;

E'en His word to Abraham said,
And His oath to Isaac sure ;
Jacob's law ; a covenant made
With all Israel evermore ;

Saying, 'Canaan's land to thee
Will I for thine own assign,
That it your allotment be,
Measured out to thee by line.'

While therein a scanty band,
Few and sojourners, they were,
Passing on from land to land,
Through all nations here and there,—

None to vex them He allowed ;
Kings He bade to stay their arm,—
'Touch not Mine anointed crowd,
Neither do My prophets harm !'

And He summoned famine sore,
Breaking all the staff of bread :
Joseph He sent on before,
Sold a bondsman's life to lead.

They with fetters galled his feet ;
He in iron chains was laid ;
Till the time His word had set,
He was tried, as God had said.

Sent the king and let him loose ;
Him the people's head set free,
Lord and ruler of his house,
And o'er all his goods to be.

To control his chiefs at will,
And to make his elders wise.
Israel did in Egypt dwell,
Jacob in Ham's boundaries :

And God caused the race He chose
To increase exceedingly ;
And, than all their heathen foes,
Made them stronger far to be.

He their hearts to hatred moved,
And to guile against His seed :
He, with Aaron His beloved,
There His servant Moses led.

'Mong them many a wonder-work,
Many a sign in Ham did they.
Darkness sent He, and 'twas dark ;
And God's word did they obey.

Streams He turned to blood, and killed
Fish therein and living things :
All their land with frogs was filled,
E'en the chambers of their kings.

Flies and gnats through their domain
Came in swarms at His command :
Hail He sent for showers of rain ;
Fiery flames in all their land.

He their vines and fig-trees brake,
And all trees throughout their coasts :
Locusts also, when He spake,
Came, and grasshoppers in hosts ;

And did every herb that grew,
With their garden-fruits, devour.
He their first-born also slew,
E'en the prime of all their power.

So with gold and silver bribes
Thence He brought His people out ;
There was none amongst His tribes
Stumbled or was weary-foot.

Egypt, when they went, was glad,
For they filled them with affright.
Clouds He for a covering spread,
Fire as well to light the night.

Quails at their request He brought,
And His own with heaven's bread filled ;
Rocks He clave, and streams gushed out,
Which in floods ran through the wild.

Mindful of His promise made,
And His servant Abraham, He
Thence His chosen people led
With great joy and melody.

Heathen lands were by His will,
With their toil, to them secured,
That His laws they might fulfil,
And His statutes. Praise the Lord !

PSALM CVI.

Israel's unceasing ingratitude to God.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH, thank Jehovah !
Good and gracious is His fame :
For His tender love endureth,
Now and evermore, the same.

Who can speak of all His wonders,
And make known His endless praise ?
Happy they, who, keeping judgment,
Act uprightly all their days.

THE PRIEST.

O Jehovah ! think upon me
With the love Thou bear'st Thine own :
Visit me with Thy salvation
From Thy high and heavenly throne ;

That I may behold the welfare
Of the people of Thy choice ;
And with Thine own nation's gladness,
Glorying with Thy tribes, rejoice.

We have sinned with our forefathers ;
All perverse in deed are we :
Yea, with God in all our dealings
Have we acted wickedly.

Never did our sires consider
Thy strange signs in Egypt's land ;
But forgat Thy many mercies,
Rebels on the Red Sea strand.

Yet He saved them for His name's sake ;
To make known His might abroad :
He rebuked the Red Sea's waters,
And they dried up at His word.

Through the floods He led His people,
As 'twere through the desert sand ;
Rescued from the hater's power,
Ransomed from their foeman's hand.

All their foes the waters covered ;
Yea, not one did there remain :
Then His words believe they, singing
Praise to Him in joyful strain.

But they soon forgat His doings ;
Neither waited for His word :
In the waste a lust they lusted ;
In the wild did tempt the Lord.

And He granted their petition ;
But He caused their soul to pine :
Moses in the camp they envied,
Aaron, too, of priestly line.

Earth then yawned and swallowed Dathan,
And Abiram's band inhumed :
In their midst a fire was kindled ;
Flames these wicked men consumed.

Making them a calf in Horeb,
They before it bowed to pray:
Bartering thus Jehovah's glory
For an ox that eateth hay.

They forgat the Lord their Saviour,
And His signs in Egypt's land :
Wondrous things in Ham's dark borders ;
Dread things on the Red Sea strand.

Then He said He would destroy them,
Had not Moses stood that day
In the breach, to turn His fury,
Lest He should the people slay.

That delightful country scorning,
They would not believe His word ;
But in their encampments murmured ;
Neither hearkened to the Lord.

Then He raised His hand against them,
In the waste to slay their host ;
And their children 'mong the nations,
Scattering them from coast to coast.

Yoked to Baal-peor also,
Eating offerings of the dead,
They provoked Him by their doings ;
And a plague amongst them spread.

Then rose Phinehas and did judgment :
And the plague, thus stayed, gave o'er ;
Which for righteousness was counted
Unto him for evermore.

Next they angered God at Marah ;
Ill fared Moses for their sake :
For they strove against God's Spirit,
And His servant rashly spake.

They did not destroy the peoples,
As commanded by the Lord :
But were mingled with the nations ;
Learned their works ; their gods adored.

These a snare to them becoming,
They to many a heathen god
Sacrificed their sons and daughters ;
Pouring out their guiltless blood.

With such gifts to Canaan's idols,
Foul with blood the land became :
They were stained with evil-doing,
Wantoning in deeds of shame.

Then the anger of Jehovah
Kindled 'gainst His own once more ;
Insomuch that His own people
Utterly did He abhor ;

And to heathen hands He gave them,
And their haters ruled their land ;
Yea, their enemies opprest them ;
They were bowed beneath their hand.

Many a time by Him delivered,
They against the Lord did rise
In their counsel ; and were humbled
Through their own iniquities.

But He looked on their distresses,
When their cry He heard above ;
And, still mindful of His promise,
Pitied them of endless love.

Yea, He made them find compassion
In their sight, who held them bound.

CHORUS.

O our God, Jehovah ! save us ;
Gather us from nations round ;

That, Thy holy name adoring,
We may glory in Thy praise !

THE PRIEST.

Blessed be the great Jehovah,
God of Israel's chosen race ;

Blessed through eternal ages !
And, whilst high we raise the strain,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Let all people say AMEN.

BOOK V.

PSALM CVII.

The perils of life, and the providence of God.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord !
He is love ; His mercy sure :
This let God's redeemed record ;
Whom He hath redeemed of yore

From the adversary's hands ;
Gathering them, from bonds set free,
East and west, from many lands,
From the north and from the sea.

Through the trackless desert bound,
Far they wandered on their road :
Not a city there they found,
Wherein men had their abode.

Hungry, thirsty, in their breast
Faint their heart was ; full of care :
Then they prayed, thus sore distressed,
And God freed them from despair.

Yea, He led them from the waste,
That,— direct and straight their road,—
To a city they might haste,
Wherein men have their abode.

Let them, therefore, praise the Lord
 For His tender, loving mind ;
 And His wonders shown toward
 All the children of mankind.

For Jehovah satisfies
 Souls that long to do His will ;
 And with good in rich supplies
 Doth the hungry soul fulfil.

Such as sat in death's dark shade,
 Bound in woe and iron cords ;
 Since they rose 'gainst what He said,
 And despised His warning words ;

God their hearts with grief oppressed.
 Lo ! they tripped ; no help was near :
 Then they prayed, thus sore distressed,
 And God freed them from despair.

Bringing them from gloom again,
 And the shade of death profound,
 Brake He all the cords in twain,
 With the which they had been bound.

Let them, therefore, praise the Lord
 For His tender, loving mind ;
 And His wonders shown toward
 All the children of mankind.

For the doors of brass He brake ;
 Hewing bars of steel in twain.
 Sick men, who for their sins' sake,
 Pain did for themselves obtain,

They in heart did food detest,
 And to death's dark doors drew near :

Then they prayed, thus sore distressed,
And He freed them from despair.

Sending forth His mighty word,
He in mercy healed their wound :
They were rescued by the Lord
From the grave, when thither bound.

Let them, therefore, praise the Lord
For His tender, loving mind ;
And His wonders shown toward
All the children of mankind.

Let them with a thankful voice
Lift the sacrifice of praise ;
And with songs of joy rejoice,
Telling of His wondrous ways.

They in ships that plough the main,
And the ocean's harvest reap ;
These Jehovah's works have seen,
And His wonders in the deep.

For He speaks, and storms arise,
Lifting up the waves thereof :
Now they mount toward the skies ;
Now sink down in ocean's trough.

Melting is their soul through woe !
And they stagger, reel, and bend,
Like a drunkard, to and fro ;
Till they are at their wits' end.

Then they pray, with fear oppressed,
And He brings them out of ill :
Hushing the fierce storm to rest,
So that all its waves are still.

Then right glad are they indeed,
That His word hath calmed the sea :
And He doth their vessel lead
To the haven where they would be.

Let them, therefore, praise the Lord
For His tender, loving mind ;
And His wonders shown toward
All the children of mankind.

Let them high exalt His fame,
Where the tribes for worship meet ;
Loudly praising His great name,
Sitting in the elders' seat.

Streams He turns to wastes of sand ;
Springs to deserts parched and dried ;
Fruitful soil to marshy land ;
For their sin who there abide.

Or to pools He turns the wild ;
Dry land to a springing well ;
Where He makes the hungry build
Cities, in the which to dwell.

Vines they plant, and fields they sow,
Whence is yearly increase got :
Blest by God their numbers grow,
And their cattle 'minish not.

When they 'minish and grow weak
Through oppression, grief, or woe ;
Princes He in scorn doth make
Wanderers pathless deserts through
But the poor He lifts on high,
Where they feel not sorrow's shock ;

Making every family
As prolific as a flock.

Joy the sight to just men brings ;
Wickedness dare speak no more :
Let the wise observe these things ;
Pondering well God's mercies o'er.

PSALM CVIII.

*A psalm of praise and prayer, composed of parts of Psalms LVII.
and LX.*

My heart is fixed, O God ! I'll play
And sing with heart and tongue :
Wake, lute and harp ! the dawn of day
Will I awake with song.

Among the peoples, Lord ! to Thee
My thanks will I upraise ;
And 'mong the nations joyfully
Sing psalms unto Thy praise.

For great o'er heaven Thy love appears ;
High as the clouds Thy word :
Be Thou exalted o'er the spheres ;
O'er earth Thy glory, Lord !

O that Thy well-belovèd band
May once again be free.
Preserve us with Thy strong right hand,
And hear our cry to Thee.

God in His holiness once spake :—

Let me exult and shout ;—
' Of Shechem portions will I make,
And Succoth's vale mete out.

' Gilead is Mine, Manasses Mine ;
Whilst, Ephraim : 'tis for thee
My helmet, and, wise Judah ! thine
My lawgiver to be.

' My wash-pot is dark Moab's land ;
My shoe will I cast out
O'er Edom ; o'er Philistia's band
In triumph song I'll shout.'

Who'll lead me to yon fencèd town ?
Who led to Edom's coasts ?
God ! hast not Thou cast off Thine own ?
And marched not with our hosts ?

O help us 'gainst the enemy ;
For help is vain man shows :
Through God shall we do valiantly ;
'Tis He shall crush our foes.

PSALM CIX.

A minatory psalm.

GOD of my praise ! hold not Thy peace,
For on me have they opened wide
A mouth of guile and godlessness,
And with false tongue against me lied.

With words of hatred, also, they
On every side about me throng,
And fight with me in deadly fray,
Although they have no cause of wrong.

For all my love they with me strive ;
But I to prayer betake me still :
Evil for good to me they give,
And enmity for my good-will.

Set o'er him some ungodly foe,
And Satan at his right to reign ;
To death from judgment let him go ;
And let his prayer be turned to sin.

His days of life—let them be few ;
His office—let another take.
His children all be orphans, too ;
Yea, and his wife a widow make.

His children—let them wander far,
And beg,—from razed homes driven away,
The usurer his possessions snare,
And strangers on his labour prey.

Let none still pity for him show ;
Nor let his orphans find a friend :
Cut off his seed, and blot out now
His name, that it may not descend.

His fathers' crimes let God record ;
His mother's sin be ne'er effaced :
Let them be still before the Lord,
That hence His memory be erased.

Because he ne'er of mercy thought ;
 But vexed the afflicted and the poor ;
 And ever to destroy them sought,
 Whose hearts with grief were bruised and sore.

Cursing he loved and blasphemy ;
 So it was with him day by day :
 In blessing no delight had he,
 So from him far it fled away.

Yea, cursing, as a robe, he wore,
 So, as a stream of water runs,
 Did it into his bowels pour ;
 And, as t'were oil, into his bones.

In such a robe be he arrayed ;
 With such a girdle round him girt :
 Thus by the Lord my foes are paid,
 And all who ill of me assert.

But, Lord *the* Lord ! deal Thou with me
 For Thy name's sake ; Thy love is great.
 Poor, low, am I ; O set me free :
 My wounded heart is desolate.

As lengthening shadows, hence I go ;
 As locusts, when the wind is high :
 My knees are weak through fasting so ;
 My flesh, for want of fatness, dry.

I have become to all man's race
 An object which they loath and spurn :
 Whene'er they look upon my face,
 They shake the head, and from me turn.

Help for me, Lord my God ! command ;
 Salvation in Thy love accord :
 And let them know that 'tis Thine hand,
 And how that Thou hast done it, Lord !

They curse, Thou blessest ; they arose
 And were ashamed, but I am glad :
 Confusion covereth all my foes ;
 They with their shame themselves have clad.

My mouth shall bless God more and more,
 And praise His name amid the throng :
 For He doth stand beside the poor,
 When judged, to save his soul from wrong.

PSALM CX.

Two divine oracles addressed to One who is Priest and King in one.

THUS to my Lord Jehovah spake,
 ' Upon My right hand sit,
 Until Thine enemies I make
 A footstool for Thy feet.'

The sceptre of Thy kingly sway
 From out of Zion's tower
 Jehovah shall stretch forth, and say,
 ' Rule o'er Thy foes with power ! '

Thy people in Thy battle-day
 Shall freely round Thee come ;
 Thy young men clad in bright array,
 As dew from morning's womb.

Jehovah sware, and will not break
 His promise made of yore ;
 'Thou art, as was Melchisedech,
 A priest for evermore !'

The Lord, when wroth, at Thy right hand
 The blood of kings will spill ;
 And, judging every heathen land,
 Will it with corpses fill.

Him will He smite that was the first,
 And o'er the wide earth head.

The wayside brook shall slake His thirst ;
 So shall He lift His head.

PSALM CXI.

The praise, the greatness, and the works of Jehovah.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

A LL my heart shall praise Jehovah,
 B oth 'mong saints and 'mid the throng ;
 D eeds all good doth He discover ;
 E arnest seekers for them long.

F or his goodness stands for ever ;
 G rand and high His doings prove :
 H is great wonders perish never ;
 I n the Lord dwells grace and love.

J ust men want not ; God relieves them ;
 K eeping faith from age to age :
 L earning them His power, He gives them
 M any an heathen heritage.

N aught but truth and right designing,
 O rdered sure are His commands ;
 P lanted fast and ne'er declining,
 Q uite unmoved His witness stands.

R ight and true is all His dealing,
 S aving health He sent His seed ;
 T estimonies sure revealing,
 U pright is His name indeed.

V erily, thence first beginning,
 W isdom from God's fear doth spring ;
 Y ea, sound minds its votaries winning,
 Z ealously Thy praise they sing.

PSALM CXII.

The praise, the greatness, and the works of Jehovah's worshippers.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

A LL blest God's servant doth appear,
 B ecause he loves His word indeed ;
 D ominion shall his children share ;
 E ternal bliss the godly's seed.

F ulfilled with wealth is his abode ;
 G rounded his goodness evermore ;
 H e is most loving, kind and good ;
 I n gloom light rises for the pure.

J oyful is he that loves and lends ;
 K nowledge hath he his cause to guide ;
 L o ! nothing e'er that man offends ;
 M emorials of the just abide.

N o news of ill shall breed despair ;
 O n God doth his staid heart repose ;
 P repared in mind, he cannot fear ;
 Q uite prostrate shall he see his foes.

R iches he scatters for the poor ;
 S till stedfast stands his righteousness ;
 T he Lord his horn shall evermore
 U plift, and with high honour bless.

V ile men shall see it, and, sore grieved,
 W ith gnashing teeth shall melt away ;
 Y ea, godless hopes shall be deceived ;
 Z eal, godless zeal, ere long decay.

PSALM CXIII.

[This and the following psalm together formed the first part of the 'Egyptian Hallel,'—a hymn which was sung at the Passover, Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles.]

God the Deliverer at all times.

HALLELUJAH ! praise the Lord,	Hallelujah !
Ye that wait upon His word ;	Hallelujah !
Praise His name, His name adore	Hallelujah !
Henceforth e'en for evermore.	Hallelujah !
Praise it from the rising sun,	Hallelujah !
Till its latest course is run.	Hallelujah !
God above all realms is high,	Hallelujah !
And His glory o'er the sky.	Hallelujah !

Who is like the Lord our God,	Hallelujah !
That so high hath His abode ;	Hallelujah !
And yet stoops to look upon	Hallelujah !
What in heaven and earth is done ?	Hallelujah !
From the dust He lifts the mean ;	Hallelujah !
From the mire the poor again ;	Hallelujah !
Making him with kings sit down,	Hallelujah !
E'en the princes of His own.	Hallelujah !
All the joy of progeny	Hallelujah !
To the barren wife doth He	Hallelujah !
In a settled home accord.	Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !	Hallelujah !

PSALM CXIV.

God especially the Deliverer of Israel from Egypt.

WHEN forth from Egypt Israel fled,
From strange-tongued people Jacob's seed ;
Then Judah was the Lord's abode,
And Israel then the realm of God.

The sea saw that and left its track,
And Jordan's stream was driven back ;
The lofty mountains skipped like rams ;
The little hills like new-born lambs.

What ails thee, sea ! to leave thy track ?
Thou Jordan ! that thou turnest back ?
Ye mountains ! that ye skip like rams ?
Ye little hills ! like new-born lambs ?

Earth ! tremble thou before the Lord,
The God as Jacob's God adored ;
Who turneth rocks to waters still ;
The flint-stone to a springing well.

PSALM CXV.

[A liturgical psalm,—the commencement of the second part of the 'Egyptian Hallel,' which includes, besides this psalm, the three following ones also.]

A prayer for the maintenance of the true religion.

THE CONGREGATION.

NOT unto us, to us, O Lord !
But unto Thine own name accord

The glory, which for it alone
Thy mercy and Thy truth have won.

Lord ! wherefore should the heathen say,
'Where is the God these men obey ?'

Our God above in heaven dwells ;
Our God hath done whate'er He wills.

The heathen idols are of gold
And silver, which men's hands must mould.

A mouth they have, yet dumb they be ;
And eyes they have, yet cannot see ;

Ears have they, yet no sound can tell ;
A nose they have, yet cannot smell ;

Hands they possess, yet handle not ;
Nor walk they, though they feet have got ;

No sound of words, no tuneful note,
They form within their voiceless throat.

Like them shall those that make them be,
And all that trust them foolishly.

LEVITES AND CHOIR.

Your trust to God, O Israel ! yield ;
' He only is their help and shield ! '

In Him, O Aaron's house ! trust ye ;
' Their only help and shield is He ! '

Ye saints of His ! Jehovah own ;
' Their help and shield is He alone ! '

THE PRIEST.

God, mindful of His own, will bless,
Bless Aaron's house, bless Israel's race ;

Bless all His saints, both great and small.
May God's increasing blessings fall

On you and yours ; His bounteous store,
Who made the heavens and earth of yore.

THE CONGREGATION.

The heavens are God's ; but earth hath He
Appointed for man's seed to be.

The dead His praises cannot show,
Nor they that down to silence go :

But we the Lord for evermore
With hallelujahs will adore.

PSALM CXVI.

National thanksgivings for deliverance from danger.

I LOVE the Lord, for He doth hear
My voice of prayer before Him :
Because He hath inclined His ear,
Through life will I adore Him.

The cords of death had girt me round,
The pains of hell did seize me ;
Distress and sorrow sore I found,
And called on God to ease me ;—

‘ Ah, Lord ! deliver Thou my soul !
The Lord is good and holy ;
Yea, God, our God, is merciful ;
The Lord preserves the lowly.

‘ In weakness He gave strength to me ; ’
Turn to thy rest, my spirit !
Because the Lord hath dealt with thee
In mercy past man's merit.

My soul Thou'st saved from death ; mine eye
 From tears ; my feet from sliding.
 'I in the lands of life on high
 Will walk, with God abiding.'

I did believe, when thus I spake,
 Though, scorched by trouble's fires,—
 In haste from me the murmur brake !—
 I said, 'All men are liars !'

What to Jehovah shall I give
 For all His love's outpouring ?
 Salvation's cup will I receive,
 His holy name adoring.

To Him will I perform my vows,
 Yea, 'mongst His own adore Him ;
 Their death, whom as His saints He knows,
 Is counted dear before Him.

To me, Lord !—for I am Thine own—
 Still may Thine help be given ;
 I am Thine own, Thine handmaid's son ;
 Thou hast my fetters riven.

I will uplift in Thine abode
 An offering of thanksgiving ;
 And call upon the name of God,
 Jehovah ever-living !

To God will I perform my vows,
 Yea, 'mongst His own adore Him ;
 Within the courts of His own house ;
 Salem ! 'mid thee before Him.

PSALM CXVII.

Praise of Jehovah.

PRAISE Jehovah, all ye nations !
 Laud, ye peoples all ! the Lord :
 For o'er all our generations
 Vast hath been His love outpoured ;
 Hallelujah !
 True for ever is His Word.

PSALM CXVIII.

A PROCESSIONAL PSALM USED AT THE CELEBRATION OF A
 GREAT NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

*A triumphal procession approacheth the holy place with sacrifice
 and thanksgiving.*

THE CHOIR.

THANK ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He ;
 'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'
 Let His chosen Israel's
 Joyful anthem be,
 'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'
 Thank ye all Jehovah
 Good and kind is He :
 'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'

O

Let the house of Aaron's
Joyful anthem be,

'For His love endureth
Through eternity.'

All that fear Jehovah !

Let your anthem be,
'For His love endureth

Through eternity.'

Thank ye all Jehovah ;

Good and kind is He :

'For His love endureth
Through eternity.'

LEADER OF THE CHOIR.

From the straight pass called I

On the Lord, and then

He replied, and set me

On the open plain.

God is ever with me ;

I am not afraid ;

What can man do to me,

With Him near to aid ?

Thank ye all Jehovah ;

Good and kind is He :

'For His love endureth
Through eternity.'

God is ever with me—

'Mong my friends, and I,

Even I, shall see it,

When my foemen fly.

Better seek Jehovah

Than a child of dust :

Better seek Jehovah

Than in princes trust.

Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
*'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'*

LEADER AND CHOIR ALTERNATELY.

L. All the heathen nations
 Compassed round God's own ;
C. In the Lord's name surely
 I shall cut them down.
L. On all sides they compassed,
 Compassed round God's own ;
C. In the Lord's name surely
 I shall cut them down.
 Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
*'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'*

L. They, as bees, on all sides
 Compassed round God's own ;
C. In the Lord's name surely
 I shall cut them down.
L. They, like thorns aflame, were
 Quenched and overthrown ;
C. In the Lord's name surely
 I shall cut them down.
 Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
*'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'*

LEADER.

Fiercely hast thou thrust me,

So that I might fall ;

But Jehovah helped me

Out of bondage' thrall.

Truly is Jehovah

Now my strength and song ;

He is my salvation

'Mong the heathen throng.

Thank ye all Jehovah ;

Good and kind is He :

'*For His love endureth*

Through eternity.'

Hark ! glad sounds of singing,

And salvation, swell

From the tents outspreading,

Where the righteous dwell.

God's right hand doth bravely ;

God's right hand is high ;

God's right hand in all things

Doeth valiantly.

Thank ye all Jehovah ;

Good and kind is He :

'*For His love endureth*

Through eternity.'

As for me, I shall not

Die, but live, that still

I may all the doings

Of Jehovah tell.

Truly hath Jehovah
 Chastened me full sore ;
 But to death He never
 Gave His servant o'er.
 Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
 ' *For His love endureth*
 ' *Through eternity.'*

The procession reacheth the holy place.

Open me the portals
 Of God's righteousness !
 I will enter by them,
 And Jehovah bless,
 'Tis the gate belonging
 To the Lord of right ;
 Through it may the godly
 Pass into His sight.
 Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
 ' *For His love endureth*
 ' *Through eternity.'*

Loudly will I thank Thee,
 Who hast heard my cry ;
 And my great salvation
 Art become on high.
 This, the stone the builders
 Once aside did throw,
 Is become the head-stone
 Of the corner now.

Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
'For His love endureth
Through eternity.'

'Tis Jehovah's doing,
 Wondrous in our sight ;
 'Tis Jehovah's feast-day ;
 Gladly joy in it.
 Now, O Lord ! I pray Thee,
 Our salvation be :
 To us now, I pray Thee,
 Send prosperity.

Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
'For His love endureth
Through eternity.'

THE LEVITES.

Blest is he that cometh
 In the name of God !
 We have wished you blessings
 From the Lord's abode.
 God is Lord ; before us
 Here His bright light burns :
 Bind with cords the victim
 To the altar's horns.

Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
'For His love endureth
Through eternity.'

LEADER OF THE CHOIR.

Lord ! Thou art my God, and
 I will praise Thy name ;
 Yea, my God, and I will
 High exalt Thy fame.

CHOIR.

O then praise Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
*'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'*
 Thank ye all Jehovah ;
 Good and kind is He :
*'For His love endureth
 Through eternity.'*

PSALM CXIX.

The duty and blessedness of the study of the law.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

A LL are blest, whose perfect way
 Never from God's law departs :
 A ll, who His commands obey,
 Seeking Him with all their hearts.

A ll are blest, who do no sin,
 In His ways proceeding still :
 A lway hath Thy mandate been,
 'Actively My law fulfil !'

A h, Lord ! would my way were made
 Straight enough to keep from fall ;
 A nd no shame should then degrade
 One who keeps Thy statutes all.

A rtless praise from me shall flow,
 When I learn Thy righteous law ;
 A ll Thy bidding will I do ;
 Wholly from me ne'er withdraw.

B y what means shalt thou, O youth !
 Cleanse Thy way ? Obey God's word.
 B usily I seek Thy truth ;
 Never let me leave it, Lord !

B y me hidden in my heart
 Is Thy law, lest I should sin :
 B lest indeed, O Lord ! Thou art ;
 Teach me all contained therein.

B y my lips in constant talk
 Is declared Thy law of old :
 B etter 'tis therein to walk,
 Than have even wealth untold.

B usy thinking of Thy word,
 I will look towards Thy path ;
 B lessing all Thy statutes, Lord !
 Mindful what each precept saith.

C omfort me indeed, that I
 Still may live, and keep Thy word :
 C ome, and open Thou mine eye
 To observe its wonders, Lord !

C over not Thy laws from me,
 But a stranger here below ;

C rushed by mine anxiety
 Perfectly Thy will to know.

C ursed are the proud ; O spurn
 Those that from Thy statutes stray.

C ast from me contempt and scorn ;
 For Thy precepts I obey.

C ounsel 'gainst me kings have ta'en ;
 But Thy statutes fill my mind :

C ounsel from Thy laws I gain ;
 Chief delight in them I find.

D eep in mire I lie, O Lord !
 Quicken me, as Thou hast said.

D ue confession hast Thou heard ;
 Teach me all Thy statutes dread.

D o Thy ways on me impress,
 That Thy works my theme may be :

D rooping am I through distress ;
 As Thou promis'dst, stablish me.

D rive from me the way of lies ;
 With Thy law Thy love renew.

D early faithful ways I prize,
 And have kept Thy laws in view.

D o I not observe each one ?
 Ne'er, O Lord ! confound Thou me :

D own their path my feet shall run,
 When my soul hath liberty.

E ver teach me, Lord ! Thy way,
That I thence may ne'er depart ;

E dify me, that I may
Keep Thy law with all my heart.

E xercise my trembling feet
In its pleasant paths to tread ;

E ver let my heart be set
On Thy law, and not on greed.

E vil banish from my sight ;
Quicken me in Thy right path :

E 'er unbroken keep Thy plight
With Thine own, who fears Thy wrath.

E ase me from Thy dread rebuke,
For most good Thy judgments be :

E 'en for them I long and look ;
In Thy goodness quicken me.

F ollow me with kindly love ;
With Thy promised health, O Lord !

F oemen thus shall I reprove ;
For my trust is in Thy word.

F rom my mouth ne'er quite remove
Thy true word, my hope and stay :

F or Thy precepts from above
Evermore would I obey.

F ree let all my goings be ;
For Thy precepts have I sought.

F irmly, unabashed, let me
Teach e'en kings what Thou hast taught.

F illed with joy by Thy commands,
Which I love, to Thy blest word

F ondly will I lift mine hands ;
Musing o'er Thy statutes, Lord !

G raciously recall the word
Thou hast caused my hope to be ;

G rief well knows its comfort, Lord !
For it oft hath quickened me.

G ibes at me the proud have cast ;
Yet I shrank not from Thy law :

G ladly I Thy judgments past
Have recalled, whence balm I draw.

'G ainst the vile, that from it stray,
Am I filled with burning rage.

G od ! Thy law hath been my lay
In my house of pilgrimage.

G ratefully remembering Thee
In the night, I keep Thy word :

G racious hast Thou been to me,
Since I keep Thy precepts, Lord !

H ere art Thou my portion, Lord !
I have vowed Thy law to love :

H eartily my prayer is poured ;
As Thou promis'dst, gracious prove.

H ave I not recalled my ways,
To Thy judgments turning back ?

H asting, brooking no delays,
To regain Thy statutes' track !

H eathen cords have bound me tight ;
 But Thy law I still recall.

H ear, for I will rise at night
 To extol Thy judgments all.

H oly men I count my friends,
 And all those that keep Thy word :

H eaven-sent mercy fills earth's ends ;
 Teach me all Thy statutes, Lord !

I n much mercy dealest Thou
 With me, as Thou promis'dst, Lord !
 I nmost knowledge make me know ;
 For I have believed Thy word.

I went wrong ere grief I knew ;
 But Thy word I now obey.

I n Thee dwelleth goodness true ;
 Show me Thy appointed way.

I f the proud forge lies 'gainst me,
 I'll sincerely do Thy will :

I n their heart as fat they be ;
 But Thy law delights me still.

I t is good that I should here
 Learn Thy will by trouble sore :

I account Thy truth more dear,
 Than much gold and silver ore.

K nit and fashioned, Lord ! by Thee,
 Make me wise to know Thy will :

K een Thy servants' joy will be,
 When they see me faithful still.

Known as just Thy judgments shine ;
 Faithful even Thy chastenings be :
 Kindly let Thy love divine,
 As Thou promis'dst, comfort me.

Kindness 'tward me cause to flow ;
 For I love Thy law, O Lord !
 Keep my proud destroyers low ;
 I am musing on Thy word.

Kind their hearts that fear Thy name,
 And have known Thy law, to me ;
 Keep me sound,—to know no shame !—
 In that law continually.

Longing for salvation, Lord !
 In Thy word I've hoped, and Thee :
 O ! sight fails me for that word ;
 O when wilt Thou comfort me ?

Like a smoke-dried skin become,
 Still Thy statutes I recall :
 Ord ! what is my days' brief sum ?
 When shall mine oppressors fall ?

Lawless men dig pits for me,
 Who Thy law have ne'er obeyed :
 Ord ! Thy precepts faithful be ;
 False their charge ; be Thou mine aid.

O ! they'd nigh consumed me here ;
 But from Thee I ne'er would stray :
 Let Thy love my life appear ;
 So shall I Thy word obey.

M ighty Lord ! Thy word of mouth
 Evermore in heaven shall last :
 Mindful of Thy constant truth,
 Earth's foundations mad'st Thou fast.

M orn and eve await Thy word ;
 All things serve Thee here below :
 Much I love Thy law, O Lord !
 Else I'd perished in my woe.

M emory dwells upon Thy word,
 For fresh life to me it brought :
 Mercy to Thine own accord ;
 For Thy precepts have I sought.

M alice would my life have snared ;
 Still my thought shall be Thy word.
 Much I see perfection marred ;
 But Thy law is very broad.

N aught before Thy law I prize ;
 O'er it all day long I spell :
 None who hate me are so wise ;
 For Thy statutes with me dwell.

N ay, less lore my teachers show ;
 For my study is Thy word :
 Not so much the aged know ;
 For I keep Thy statutes, Lord !

N ever have I gone astray,
 That obedient I might be :
 N ever left Thy judgments' way ;
 For Thou hast instructed me.

N aught is sweeter on my tongue ;
 Honey to my mouth is not :
 N eeds must I abhor all wrong ;
 Since I have such wisdom got.

O n my path before my feet
 Is Thy word a lamp and light :
 O ft I swore without deceit,
 Lord ! to keep Thy law aright.

O ut of measure, Lord ! I grieve ;
 Quicken me, as Thou hast said :
 O fferings of my mouth receive ;
 Teach me all Thy statutes dread.

O ft in hand my life I bear ;
 Yet I ne'er forget Thy law :
 O n all sides they've laid a snare ;
 Still from it I ne'er withdraw.

O f Thy laws am I possessed ;
 For they are my heart's delight :
 O ccupied am I how best
 To the end to live upright.

P roud deceivers I abhor ;
 But I love Thy law, O Lord !
 P resent help and sheltering tower !
 All my hope is in Thy word.

P art from me, who work but ill ;
 That I may observe God's law :
 P romised help to live on still
 Grant me, nor my hope withdraw.

P rompt to save, be Thou my stay ;
 In Thy law will I delight :
 P erish all that from it stray,
 For their thoughts are but deceit.

P ut away the vile like scum ;
 Then Thy words shall I hold dear :
 P anic-stricken, trembling, dumb,
 'Tis Thy judgments that I fear.

R ight and justice have I done ;
 Leave me not to foemen's strife :
 R ise, be surety for Thine own
 Let not proud men crush my life.

R ecollect how mine eyes fail,
 Looking for Thy health and word :
 R uthfully with Thine still deal ;
 And Thy statutes teach me, Lord !

R ender me, Thy servant, wise,
 That Thy judgments I may know ;
 R ise, 'tis time for God to rise ;
 For Thy law they've broken through.

R ather for Thy laws I care,
 Than for gold of finest ore :
 R ight to me they thus appear ;
 And all false ways I abhor.

S ure and wondrous is Thy word ;
 Therefore doth my soul obey :
 S oon as it goes forth abroad,
 Wisdom lights the simple's way.

Sighing deep, I cried to Thee,
For Thy will I longed to know :
See, and be Thou kind to me,
As to good men long ago.

Set my steps in Thy word right ;
O'er me let no sin hold sway :
Save me from man's cruel spite ;
So will I Thy laws obey.

Shed o'er me Thy light of grace ;
Teach me all Thy statutes, Lord !
Tears of tears run down my face,
Since men will not keep Thy word.

You art righteous, blessed Lord !
Just are all Thy judgments too :
The commandments of Thy word
Are exceeding good and true.

Through my zeal my heart is dried ;
Since Thy words my foes forget :
Through, Lord ! Thy word is tried,
And Thy servant loveth it.

Though but small in name and might,
Yet I ne'er forget Thy word :
Mine is righteousness aye right,
And Thy law the truth, O Lord !

Trouble-pangs have come on me ;—
Comfort still Thy precepts give.
True Thy judgments ever be ;
Make me wise that I may live.

U nto Thee my whole heart cries ;
 ‘ Hear, Lord ! I will keep Thy way.’

U nto Thee my voice did rise ;
 ‘ Save me, and I will obey.’

U nto Thee, ere yet ‘twas light,
 Did I cry ; my hope Thy word :

U p I rose, while still ‘twas night,
 Musing o'er Thy promise, Lord !

U nto me in love give ear ;
 As Thy wont is, quicken me :

U p, for naughty men draw near,
 Far from both Thy law and Thee.

U nto me, Lord ! nigh art Thou ;
 Truth is e'en Thy least command :

U nrepealed—of old I know
 From Thy word—Thy law shall stand.

V exed am I ; see, rescue me ;
 On Thy law my thoughts are stayed :

V indicate and set me free ;
 Quicken me, as Thou hast said.

V ery far is health removed
 From the vile, who seek not Thee :

V ery great Thy love hath proved ;
 As Thy wont is, quicken me.

V exing crowds oft trouble me ;
 From Thy laws I ne'er have strayed :

V ery grieved was I to see
 Those, who ne'er those laws obeyed.

V isit, quicken me in love ;
 For Thy statutes I adore :
 V ery truth Thy words all prove ;
 All Thy righteous laws endure.

W antonly oppressed by kings,
 Still Thy word my heart reveres :
 W ondrous joy that word e'er brings,
 As to one who booty shares.

W rong and lies have I abhorred ;
 But Thy law I love : and praise
 W ith my voice each day, O Lord !
 Seven times Thy righteous ways.

W ondrous peace Thy votaries have ;
 Such Thy judgments ne'er offend :
 W ell I know that Thou canst save ;
 So I keep Thy least command.

W hen have I not kept Thy word ?
 It is still my chief delight :
 W ell 'tis kept by me, O Lord !
 For my ways are in Thy sight.

Y et to Thee my voice would rise ;
 Give me wisdom by Thy word :
 Y ea, to Thee I lift my cries ;
 Save me, as Thou promis'dst, Lord !

Y et my lips shall pour forth praise,
 For Thy law Thou teachest me :
 Y ea, glad songs my tongue shall raise ;
 For most good Thy precepts be.

Y ield me help with Thy right hand ;
 For Thy precepts are my choice :
 Y earning for Thy health I stand,
 Lord ! and in Thy law rejoice.

Y ield me life glad thanks to pay ;
 Nor Thy judgments' aid withdraw :
 Y ea, though like lost sheep I stray,
 Seek one mindful of Thy law.

PSALM CXX.

An exile's prayer against the slanders of the treacherous tribes around him.

A PILGRIM SONG.

LOUDLY to God Most High
 In my despair,
 Loudly I cried, and He
 Harkened my prayer :
 From lying lips, O Lord !
 And from a tongue of fraud,
 Be Thou my guard.

What shall He give to thee ?
 Or what shall He,
 O thou deceitful tongue !
 Add unto thee ?
 Sharp-pointed shafts of war,
 Such as the mighty bear,
 With coals of broom !

Woe is it unto me,
That I should still,
Exiled and far from home,
In Mesech dwell :
That my abode should be,
Where Kedar's tents I see
Compassing me.

Full long my soul hath been
Dwelling of late
Nigh unto them, that peace
Bitterly hate.
Only for peace I care ;
But, when my voice they hear,
THEY are for war.

PSALM CXXI.

An exile's trust in the safe-keeping of God.

A PILGRIM SONG.

To the hills I lift mine eyes ;
Whence will help for me arise ?
From Jehovah comes mine aid,
Who hath earth and heaven made.

May the Lord uphold thy foot ;
May thy Guardian slumber not.
Lo ! He slumbers not nor sleeps,
Who His chosen Israel keeps.

'Tis the Lord that keepeth thee ;
 At thy right thy shade is He :
 Neither sun by day shall smite
 On thee, neither moon by night.

Keeping thee from sin and strife,
 Still the Lord shall keep thy life ;
 Going out, returning home,
 Now, and for all time to come.

PSALM CXXII.

An exile's loving remembrance of, and prayer for, Jerusalem.

A PILGRIM SONG.

I JOYED o'er men who said to me,
 'Unto Jehovah's house go we.'
 Still firmly now within thy gate,
 Jerusalem ! do stand our feet.

O Salem ! thou a city art
 Built up, well-knit in every part ;
 Whereto the tribes, the tribes of Jah,
 Go up, fulfilling Israel's law ;

To worship there with glad accord
 The name of Him who is the Lord.
 For there are set, for judgment, thrones,—
 The thrones of David's royal sons.

O pray ye all for Salem's peace :—
 Their good, that love thee, shall increase !
 Peace be within thy rampart high ;
 Within thy halls prosperity.

For friends' and brethren's sakes, let me
 Now wish that peace may rest on thee :
 Yea, for the sake of God's abode,
 For thee I fain would seek out good.

PSALM CXXIII.

An exile awaits in patient faith the signal that will call him home.

A PILGRIM SONG.

To Thee have I upraised mine eyes,
 O Thou enthroned above the skies !
 Lo ! as by servants' eyes are scanned
 Each movement of their master's hand ;

And as a maiden's glances watch
 Her mistress' hand, each sign to catch ;
 So are our eyes unto the Lord,
 Till pity to us He accord.

In pity, Lord ! in pity turn
 T'wards us, whom all men loathe and spurn ;
 Our bursting heart no more can bear
 The wanton's scorn, the haughty's sneer.

PSALM CXXIV.

An exile's thanksgiving for deliverance from captivity.

A PILGRIM SONG.

HAD not God been our defender,
Now may Israel's children say :
Had God deigned no help to render,
When men sought us for a prey :

Then the wrathful nations round us
Had devoured us quick in strife ;
Yea, the waters then had drowned us,
And the stream gone o'er our life.

Then the waters, proudly swelling,
O'er our life had swept that day.
Bless the Lord, who was not willing,
That their teeth should on us prey.

As a bird, its swift flight taking,
When released from fowler's snare ;
We, from out their trammels breaking,
Are escaped, as free as air.

For our help is, firmly standing,
In the great Jehovah's name ;
Who did, with His word commanding,
Earth, and heaven above it, frame.

PSALM CXXV.

The perpetuity of God's covenant with Israel.

A PILGRIM SONG.

WHOSE trust is in Jehovah,
As Zion's hill are they ; |
That never can be shaken,
But standeth fast for aye. |

Jerusalem ! as round her
On all sides mountains rise ;
The Lord henceforth for ever
About His people is.

For ne'er the rod of evil
Shall rest upon the lot
Of just men ; lest the righteous
Their hands to sin stretch out.

Do good, O Lord ! to good men,
And those upright in heart :
But such as down the by-paths
Of their own lust depart,

Far off from hence Jehovah,
With those whose deeds are ill,
Shall lead forth into exile :—

PEACE BE ON ISRAEL.

PSALM CXXVI.

A returned exile, still mindful of the first joy at recovering his home, prays for help in the difficulties that presently threaten him and his little band of companions.

A PILGRIM SONG.

WHEN the Lord turned Zion's thrall,
Like to dreamers were we all :
Laughter filled our mouths, and songs,
Songs of joy, our grateful tongues.

Then did heathen tribes exclaim,
' God hath done great things for them ! '
Yea; great things our God hath done ;
Wherefore now our joy is shown.

Lord ! lead back our captive bands,
As the streams in southern lands.
They, that sow their seed and weep,
Shall with songs of gladness reap.

He that now goes forth in tears,
And his seed in handfuls bears ;
Doubtless shall with joy return,
Bringing with him sheaves of corn.

PSALM CXXVII.

Without God's blessing no efforts or precautions of man can command success.

A PILGRIM SONG.

EXCEPT Jehovah build an house,
Their labour they that build it lose :
Except the Lord a city keep,
In vain the watchman wakes from sleep.

'Tis vain for you betimes to rise,
And late in rest to close your eyes,
To eat the bread of painfulness ;
His saint with sleep He'll surely bless.

Lo ! sons a portion are from heaven ;
The fruitful womb by God is given :
Like arrows, grasped by men of war,
The sons of our first manhood are.

Blest he, who hath with shafts so bright
His quiver furnished for the fight :
They in the gate with dauntless brow
Shall hold a parley with the foe.

PSALM CXXVIII.

'An epithalamium or marriage song.'—LUTHER.

A PILGRIM SONG.

HAPPY he that fears his God,
And in all His ways hath trod :
Honest toil thy mouth shall fill ;
Happy man ! with thee 'tis well.

In thy house thy wife shall be
Like a fruitful vine for thee :
Children shall thy table round
Like young olive plants abound.

Lo ! such blessings shall be poured
On the man that fears the Lord :
May God bless and give thee grace
Out of Zion's holy place !

May'st thou see, till life is o'er,
Salem prosper more and more :
Yea, thy children's children see.
PEACE UPON OUR ISRAEL BE !

PSALM CXXIX.

A returned exile's retrospect of Israel's past victories, and forecast of others yet to come.

A PILGRIM SONG.

LONG—from childhood!—have they fought
'Gainst me, now may Israel say:
Long my life—from childhood!—sought!
But prevailed not in the fray.

Furrows long the plowers plowed
On my back; but God is good:
All the harness of the proud
Hath the Lord in sunder hewed.

Shamed and routed, let them flee,
Who our Zion hate and scorn:
As the roof-grass let them be,
Withering ere it is upturn.

Fit, neither to supply
Mower's hand, nor binder's breast:
And none say, in passing by,
'Bless you!' 'In God's name be blest!'

PSALM CXXX.

An exile's piteous plea for pardon.

A PILGRIM SONG.

OUT of the depths I cried,
 Lord ! unto Thee :
 Lord ! when I lift my voice,
 Listen to me :
 Let Thine ears heedfully,
 When I appeal to Thee,
 Listen to me.

If Thou should'st mark, O Lord !
 All done amiss ;
 Who then, O Lord ! shall stand ?
 But with Thee is
 Mercy to pardon sin,
 That from the hearts of men
 Fear Thou may'st win.

Long doth my spirit wait,
 Wait for the Lord ;
 And all my hope hath been
 But in His word.
 More for the Lord I yearn
 Than watchers do for morn,
 Watchers for morn.

Hope in Him, Israel !
 For with the Lord
 Plenteous redemption and
 Mercy is stored :

And for all sins by-gone,
 Israel ! that thou hast done,
 HE will atone.

PSALM CXXXI.

An exile's hymn of humble access.

A PILGRIM SONG.

LORD ! mine is not a haughty heart ;
 From proud looks am I free ;
 In things too great I take no part,
 Or things too high for me.

But I my soul within have stilled,
 And quieted to rest ;
 As though it were a weanèd child
 Upon its mother's breast.

Calm as a weanèd child, I say,
 Now rests my soul on Thee :
 O Israel ! hope in God this day,
 And through eternity.

PSALM CXXXII.

An exile's prayer for the fulfilment of God's promises to David.

A PILGRIM SONG.

REMEMBER, Lord ! for David's sake,
 His load of grovelling care :
 How to the Lord a vow he spake ;
 To Jacob's God he sware.

‘ I will not come within my house,
 Nor mount upon my bed :
 I will not give mine eyes repose ;
 Nor rest my weary head :

‘ Till for the Lord I find a place ;
 A tent for Jacob’s God.’
 We came at Ephrath on its trace,
 And found it in the wood.

O let us to His dwelling come,
 And at His footstool bow !
 Arise, O Lord ! into Thine home,
 Thine ark of strength, and Thou !

Let all Thy priests be clothed with grace :
 Thy saints rejoicing make :
 Nor turn back Thine Anointed’s face,
 For Thine own David’s sake.

The Lord in truth to David sware ;
 He will not turn from it :—
 ‘ I of the fruit thy loins shall bear
 Will set upon thy seat.

‘ If they, thy children, keep the laws
 And judgments I ordain ;
 Their sons for ever will I cause
 Upon thy throne to reign.’

For Zion’s mount Jehovah chose ;
 He longed thereon to dwell :
 ‘ For ever here will I repose ;
 My home ! I love her well !

‘ Her increase will I bless with wealth ;
 Fulfil her poor with food ;
 And clothe her priests with saving health :
 Her saints shall joy aloud.

‘ The horn of David there I’ll make
 To branch forth ’neath thy care :
 A lamp for mine Anointed’s sake
 Have I prepared him there.

‘ With shame, as robes about them thrown,
 Will I enwrap his foes :
 But ever on himself his crown
 Shall blossom as the rose.’

PSALM CXXXIII.

The blessing of national unity.

A PILGRIM SONG.

BEHOLD ! how good and pleasant ’tis
 When brethren dwell in concord’s bliss !

Like the fine oil upon the head,
 That to the beard, e’en Aaron’s, spread ;

And which, descending thence, ran down
 Upon the border of his gown ;

Like night-mists, that from Hermon’s brow
 Run down on Zion’s hills below :

For there the Lord ordained of yore
The blessing,—life for evermore !

PSALM CXXXIV.

A temple hymn for a night service.

A PILGRIM SONG.

The greeting.

BEHOLD now, bless the Lord, all ye
Jehovah's sacred ministry !
Ye servants of the Lord our God,
Who stand by night in His abode !

Towards His mercy-seat upraise
Your hands, and sing Jehovah's praise.

The answer.

The Lord, Who earth and heaven made,
On thee from Zion blessings shed !

PSALM CXXXV.

A song of praise.

HALLELUJAH ! praise the Lord !
Praise His name, who serve our God !
Standing where He is adored,
In the courts of His abode.

God is good ; in God rejoice :
Sweet it is to praise His name :
Jacob is Jehovah's choice ;
Israel His peculiar claim.

Great the Lord is, well I know ;
Far o'er idols every one :
Whatsoe'er He wills to do,
He in earth and heaven hath done,

And in ocean's depths and main ;
Raising clouds from earth's far ends ;
Making lightnings for the rain ;
From His storehouse bringing winds.

Egypt's first-born seed He slew,
Man and beast, and 'midst of thee,
Egypt ! with strange signs o'erthrew
Pharaoh and his company.

Tribes He smote ; great kings cast down :
Sihon, Lord of Emor's hosts :
Og, the king on Bashan's throne ;
With the whole of Canaan's coasts :

And to Israel gave their land,
As their heritage to be.
Lord ! Thy name doth ever stand ;
For all time Thy memory.

Pleading for His people's right,
God will spare His chosen band.
Idols, gold and silver bright,
Heathen gods are, wrought by hand.

They have mouths, yet cannot speak ;
Eyes they have, yet cannot see ;
They have ears no sound can wake ;
And from breath their mouths are free.

Like them are their makers ; yea,
 Whosoever trusts in them.
 Israel's house ! bless God alway ;
 Aaron's house ! bless ye His name.

Levi's house ! O bless our God ;
 Ye His saints ! His praise record
 Out of Zion, whose abode
 Is at Salem. Praise the Lord !

PSALM CXXXVI.

A song of thanksgiving.

O THANK the Lord, for He
 Doth all things righteously,
For endless is His love.
 O thank the God, whose sway
 All other gods obey,
For endless is His love.

O thank the Lord, whose power
 All lords bow down before,
For endless is His love :
 The Lord, who hath alone
 Great deeds of wonder done,
For endless is His love.

Who by His wisdom's aid
 The heavens above us made,
For endless is His love :
 And high the dry land spread
 Above the ocean's bed,
For endless is His love.

Who made great lights : the sun
To rule the days each one,
For endless is His love :
The moon and stars so bright
To govern every night,
For endless is His love.

Who smote the first-born ones
Of all proud Egypt's sons,
For endless is His love :
And from among them brought
His people Israel out,
For endless is His love.

With hand and arm of might,
Outstretched to guard their right,
For endless is His love.
Who did the Red Sea main
Therewith divide in twain,
For endless is His love :

And made all Israel go
Upon dry land therethrough,
For endless is His love :
But Pharaoh and his host
He in its waves o'ertost,
For endless is His love.

Who led His people thence
Through deserts' wild expanse,
For endless is His love :
Who monarchs great o'erthrew,
Yea, mighty monarchs slew,
For endless is His love :

Sihon, the ruler o'er
 The Amorites of yore,
For endless is His love;
 And Og, who reigned with might
 O'er Bashan's wooded height,
For endless is His love:

And gave away their land
 To Israel's chosen band,
For endless is His love,
 To be from age to age
 His servants' heritage,
For endless is His love.

Who, when we were brought low,
 Remembered us in woe,
For endless is His love:
 And our deliverance wrought
 For those who 'gainst us fought,
For endless is His love.

Who unto all flesh gives
 The food whereby it lives,
For endless is His love.
 O to the God of heaven
 Then let your thanks be given,
For endless is His love.

PSALM CXXXVII.

A patriot's picture of exile, and paean of vengeance.

BESIDE the streams of Babylon
 We sat us down and wept ;
 As there our Zion's mountain-throne
 In memory still we kept.

Upon the willow-trees, that low
 Their drooping branches spread
 In midst thereof, all silent now,
 Our harps we hung o'erhead.

For there our captors songs desired,
 And from us, crushed by wrongs,
 Our spoilers joyousness required :—
 ‘Sing one of Zion’s songs !’

How can we in a foreign land
 Sing the Lord’s song ? If thee
 I should forget, let my right hand,
 Salem ! oblivious be.

Cleave to my lips, my tongue ! if I
 Should e'er my home forget :
 Nor thee, Jerusalem ! on high
 O'er all my gladness set.

Remember, Lord ! to Edom’s sons
 Jerusalem that day ;—
 Who said, ‘Lay bare, lay bare its stones
 And root them all away !’

Daughter of Babel, waste with woe !
 Happy, thrice happy he,
 Who shall the deeds, that thou didst do
 To us, repay to thee.

Yea, blessed shall he be, thrice blest,
 Who tears thy little ones,
 The babes thou sucklest, from the breast,
 And hurls them 'gainst the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Praise, prophecy, and prayer.

I WITH all my heart will bring
Offerings of glad thanks to Thee ;
And before the gods will sing
Praise to Thee continually.

Bowing low before Thy shrine,
Will I praise Thy love and word :
For o'er all Thy name divine
Thou Thy promise hast preferred.

When I called, didst Thou reply,
Yea, and brace my soul with might.
All the kings of earth, Most High !
Shall Thine endless praise recite ;

For Thy sayings have they heard ;
And in song shall they proclaim
All the doings of the Lord :
For most glorious is His fame.

For although the Lord is high,
Yet He looks upon the low :
But the haughty man His eye
Only from afar doth know.

Though I walk in midst of woes,
Thou new life to me wilt send ;
And against my furious foes
Thine uplifted hand extend.

Thy right hand shall be my stay ;
God will perfect all for me :
Lord ! Thy mercy lasts for aye ;
Ever with Thy creatures be.

PSALM CXXXIX.

God's omniscience, omnipresence, and omnipotence.

JEHOVAH ! Thou hast throughly known
And searched me out ; Thou knowest well
My rising up and sitting down,
And from afar my thought canst tell.

Thou winnowest my path and bed,
Familiar with mine every way :
For, ere a word my tongue hath said,
Thou knowest, Lord ! all it will say.

Behind, before, beset by Thee,
Upon me hast Thou laid Thine hand.
Too strange such knowledge is for me ;
Too high ; I cannot understand.

Where from Thy Spirit can I go ?
Where flee that Thou wilt not appear ?
Should I scale heaven, still there art Thou ;
Or sleep in hell, lo ! Thou art there.

If on the wings of morn I ride,
Or in the farthest ocean dwell ;
E'en there Thine hand shall be my guide,
And Thy right hand uphold me still.

Should I say, 'Darkness ! cover me ;
 The light about me ! be thou night :'
 E'en darkness is not dark with Thee ;
 The night is as the noonday bright—

E'en as the light is darkness' gloom—
 For form from Thee my reins receive :
 And, while yet in my mother's womb,
 My limbs together *Thou* didst weave.

I'll thank Thee because fearfully
 And wonderfully made am I :
 Wondrous Thine operations be ;
 And that my soul knows perfectly.

My bones were open to Thine eye,
 While formed in secret ere my birth ;
 When I was fashioned curiously,
 As in the dark cold depths of earth.

My shapeless mass Thine eye did see ;
 And in Thy book they all were writ,—
 The days that were set out for me,—
 When there was none of them as yet.

How precious are Thy thoughts ; how grand
 Their sum, God ! therefore unto me ;
 If told, their count exceeds the sand ;—
 I woke, and I am still with Thee.

O God ! that Thou would'st slay the vile !
 Off ! leave me, ye bloodthirsty men !
 Who speak of Thee in fraudulent guile,
 And, lying, take Thy name in vain.

Shall I not hate Thy haters, Lord !
 And grieve at them that 'gainst Thee rise ?
 I hate them with full hate outpoured ;
 They are to me as enemies.

Search me, and know mine heart within ;
 Try me, O God ! my thoughts survey :
 See if I walk in paths of sin,
 And lead me in the eternal way.

PSALM CXL.

*Patient faith triumphant over the malicious assaults of
 treachery and slander.*

LORD ! from the vile man rescue me ;
 And from the furious guard my life :
 Whose hearts have plotted villainy ;
 Who stir up daily wars and strife.
 Their tongues, sharp serpent-tongues they've made ;
 Asps' poison 'neath their lips is laid.

Lord ! keep me from the sinners' hand ;
 Preserve me from the men of wrath :
 Who to o'erthrow my steps have planned.
 The proud have hid beside my path
 A snare with cords, and spread a net,
 And traps to catch my feet have set.

To God I said, ' My God art Thou ! '
 Hear Thou my voice, Lord ! when I pray.
 Lord, my strong Saviour ! Thou my brow
 Protectedst in the battle-day.
 Grant not, O Lord ! the wicked's will ;
 Nor in their pride their plots fulfil.

When my besiegers lift the head,
 Let, as a covering o'er them all,
 Their own lips' mischief be outspread :
 Let hot live coals upon them fall :
 'Mid fiery flames let them be thrown ;
 And, ne'er to rise, 'neath deep floods drown.

No slanderer shall on earth remain ;
 Evil shall hunt the furious down.
 The cause will God, I know, maintain
 Of needy men ; the poor's right own.
 Thanks surely saints to Thee shall give ;
 The upright in Thy presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

Patient faith unmoved by the allurements of insidious flattery.

O LORD ! to Thee I cry, make haste for me ;
 Hear Thou my voice, when I appeal to Thee.
 Before Thee let my prayer, as incense, rise ;
 My lifted hands as evening sacrifice.

Lord ! o'er my mouth do Thou set watch and ward,
 And at the entrance of my lips keep guard.
 Let not my heart to any wrong incline,
 To enterprise great acts by means of sin

With mighty ones, iniquitous in deed ;
 Nor on their dainties let me ever feed.
 Let good men smite me friendly and accuse ;—
 Oil for the head ne'er may my head refuse !—

For so my prayer shall still uplifted be
Amid their deeds of foul iniquity.
Hurled down the precipice their judges were ;
They then my words, that they were sweet, did hear.

As when one furrows and tears up the ground,
Our bones were scattered Hades' mouth around.
But, Lord Jehovah ! Thee mine eyes adore ;
In Thee I trust ; O ne'er my soul outpour.

Keep me from grasp of snares they've laid for me,
And from their traps, who work iniquity.
Let vile men each fall into his own net,
Till I meantime cross safely over it.

PSALM CXLII.

Patient faith unshaken by the horrors of a dungeon.

WITH my voice to God I'll cry ;
With my voice to God will pray ;
Pour my plaint to Him on high,
And my grief before Him lay.

When my soul grows dark with woe,
Well my path Thou knowest, Lord !
In the way, wherein I go,
Have they spread a net abroad.

Look upon the right, and see ;—
There is none to know me here :
Refuge hath all gone from me ;
For my soul doth no man care.

Unto Thee, O Lord ! I cried ;—
 ‘Thou art my retreat from strife,’
 Said I, ‘and my share beside
 In the land wherein is life !’

Hear my crying, for my woes
 Sink me low in misery :
 Save me from my pressing foes,
 For they are too strong for me.

Bring my soul from bondage home,
 To extol Thy name above :
 Round me shall the righteous come,
 Since Thou deal’st with me in love.

PSALM CXLIII.

A prayer to God in time of trouble.

HEAR Thou my prayer ; accord
 Attention to my cry :
 In Thy great faithfulness, O Lord !
 And righteousness, reply.

And with thy servant here
 Ne’er up in judgment rise :
 For no man living shall appear
 As righteous in Thine eyes.

For I’m pursued by foes ;
 My soul to earth they tread,,
 And make me dwell in gloom, like those
 Who are for ever dead.

In woe my soul is palled ;
My heart within distraught :
The days of old have I recalled,
And marked what Thou hast wrought.

Thy works my chief thought be ;
To Thee I stretch mine hand :
My soul within is unto Thee,
As 'twere a thirsty land.

Make haste, Lord ! and reply ;
My spirit faints in me :
Hide not Thy face from me, or I
Like dying men shall be.

Tell me betimes Thy love ;
No hope but Thee I see :
Teach me the path wherein to move ;
I lift my soul to Thee.

Preserve me from my foe ;
To Thee I've fled to hide :
Teach me, O Lord ! Thy will to do ;
I have no God beside.

Let Thy good Spirit make
My way before me plain :
Lord ! quicken me for Thy name's sake ;
In goodness soothe my pain.

And in Thy love smite those
Who 'gainst my peace combine :
Yea, slay my soul's relentless foes,
For I am wholly Thine.

PSALM CXLIV.

WAR.

THRICE blest be Jehovah,
The Rock of my might ;
Who trains hand and finger
To war and to fight :
My mercy and fortress,
My Saviour and tower ;
My shield and my refuge,
Who makes my foes cower.

O Lord ! what are mortals,
That such Thou should'st know ?
Their seed, that Thou makest
Account of them so ?
Man is but as nothing,—
A breath,—and his stay
On earth, as a shadow
That passeth away.

O Lord ! bow Thy heavens ;
Come down from on high :
But touch the high mountains,
And thence shall smoke fly :
Flash forth Thy fierce lightnings,
And scatter them all ;
Shoot out Thy sharp arrows,
And cause them to fall.

Stretch out from high heaven
Thine hand, and rid me :
From floods and fierce strangers
O let me be free ;

Whose mouths love to utter
 Untruths they devise ;
 Whose hand is a right hand
 Of folly and lies.

O God ! a new anthem
 To Thee will I sing,
 Discoursing sweet music
 On many a string ;
 Who biddest kings triumph ;
 Who hast, too, O Lord !
 Rid David Thy servant
 From hurt by the sword.

Send down out of heaven
 Thine hand, and rid me :
 From the hand of fierce strangers
 O let me be free,
 Whose mouth loves to utter
 Untruths they devise ;
 Whose hand is a right hand
 Of folly and lies.

PEACE.

Our sons are as saplings,
 In youth grown apace ;
 Our daughters, carved pillars,
 A palace to grace ;
 Fulfilled are our garners ;
 Our flocks in the field
 Their increase a thousand,
 Ten thousand, fold yield.

Our oxen are laden ;
 No wars ; no defeats ;
 No hoarse cry of battle
 Is heard in our streets.
 Thrice happy the people
 On whom are outpoured
 Such blessings ; thrice happy
 Whose God is the Lord.

PSALM CXLV.

Praise.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

A LWAY Thy goodness will I sing,
 And praise Thy name, my God, the King !

B less Thee each day, and evermore
 Thy name in grateful strains adore.

C onsider God's great majesty ;
 His might untold ; His praise most high.

D uly shall every age with praise
 Extol Thy mighty works and ways.

E xalting high Thy glorious name,
 My thoughts shall muse upon Thy fame :

F or men Thy deeds of might shall tell,
 Whilst I upon Thy greatness dwell.

G reat is Thy love ; our song shall bless
 Its memory and Thy righteousness.

H ow kind and good is God above,
 Long-suffering, and of tender love.

J ehovah's goodness all befriends ;
O'er all His works His love extends :
K nown by Thy works, of Thee shall be
Our praise ; Thy saints shall sing of Thee.

L ord ! of Thy kingdom's glory bright
They talk ; and, speaking of Thy might,
M ake known, with many a mighty deed,
Its fame and grandeur to man's seed.

N e'er shall Thy kingdom pass away ;
Thine empire shall endure for aye !
O *Lord, how true Thy dealings prove,*
*And all Thy works how full of love.*¹

P rotector Thou of those o'erthrown,
And lifter up of all bowed down,
R aised high, all eyes upon Thee wait,
And in due time Thou giv'st them meat.

S hall not Thine hand be opened wide,
And all alive be satisfied ?
T rue love and goodness God displays
In all His works and all His ways.

U nto His servants God is nigh,
To all that serve Him faithfully.
W ho fear Him He fulfils their prayers,
And saves them, when their cry He hears.

Y ea, such as love Him God will keep,
But off the earth the wicked sweep.
Z eal let me have to tell His fame,
And all flesh ever bless His name !

¹ From the Septuagint.

PSALM CXLVI.

God's omnipotence, faithfulness, righteousness, and bounty.

A HALLELUJAH PSALM.

WITH loud hallelujahs, my soul ! praise the Lord !
 Jehovah, as long as I live, will I praise :
 And, whilst I have being, in anthems outpoured
 My voice in glad thanks to my God will upraise.

Ne'er trust ye in princes, nor one of man's birth,
 In whom is no power to shield from decay.
 His breath shall go forth ; he shall turn to his earth ;
 His projects all perish in that very day.

Blest he that hath Jacob's great God for his aid ;
 Whose hope on Jehovah, his God, rests secure :
 Who heaven, earth, ocean, and all therein made ;
 Who keeps still inviolate His truth evermore.

He helps the oppressed ones to compass their right ;
 The hungry folk feeds ; captives' fetters removes.
 The Lord to the eyes of the blind giveth sight ;
 Uplifts the bowed down, and the righteous man loves.

He guardeth the strangers ; His hand doth sustain
 The widow and orphan ; but wicked men's ways
 Will turn aside. Ever Jehovah shall reign :
 Thy God, Zion ! endlessly. Sing ye His praise !

PSALM CXLVII.

Praise of God for the restoration of Israel and the rebuilding of Jerusalem.

A HALLELUJAH PSALM.

PRAISE the Lord ! for it is meet
Anthems to our God to raise :
To rejoice in Him is sweet ;
Comely is the hymn of praise.

Salem's walls the Lord restores,
Gathering Israel's outcast seed :
Balm on broken hearts He pours,
Binding up the wounds that bleed.

Counting all the stars of night,
Each one by its name He hails.
Great our Lord is ; vast His might ;
And His wisdom never fails.

God the meek on high doth raise ;
On the ground the wicked lay.
Sing unto the Lord with praise ;
To our God on harp-strings play.

Heaven with clouds He covers up ;
For the earth prepares the rain ;
And upon the mountain-top
Makes to grow the herbage green.

From His hand the cattle feed,
And the ravens' clamorous brood :
Horses' strength or runners' speed
Give no pleasure unto God.

But His pleasure is in them
Who in fear await His love.
Praise the Lord, Jerusalem !
Zion ! Praise thy God above !

Who made strong thy portals' bars ;
Blest thy children in thy gate ;
From thy border drives off wars ;
Fills thee with the fat of wheat.

Who His law sends forth below ;
Very swiftly runs His word !
Who, like wool, gives forth the snow,
And, as ashes, frost abroad.

Ice He lets, like morsels, fall ;
Who His cold can stand before ?
With His word He melts them all ;
Blows His wind ; the waters pour.

Laws to Israel He reveals,
And to Jacob's seed His word.
With no nation thus He deals :
Laws they know not. Praise the Lord

PSALM CXLVIII.

A summons to all creation to praise the Lord.

A HALLELUJAH PSALM.

WITH hallelujahs praise
The Lord from heaven on high :
Loud anthems to Him raise
In realms of farthest sky.
Ye angels bright,
His host each one !
The sun and moon,
And stars of light !

The heaven of heaven's blue vault,
And floods above them spread !
God's name let them exalt,
Who spake and they were made.
He set them fast
For evermore ;
By statutes sure
Thenceforth to last.

Praise God from earth below,
Ye whales and deeps outpoured
Fire, hail, and mists and snow !
And storms that keep His word
Ye mountain-peaks,
And upland leas !
Fruit-bearing trees,
And sylvan brakes !

Wild beasts of prey, and all
 Depastured flocks and herds !
 Reptiles, that slowly crawl,
 And swiftly flying birds !
 Earth's kings, its might,
 Its highest born,
 And judges sworn
 To guard the right !

Young men, and maids as well,
 Old men and babes, the fame
 In worship let them tell
 Of great Jehovah's name :
 For it alone
 Is lifted high :
 O'er earth and sky,
 His glorious throne.

And He hath deigned to raise
 His chosen people's horn ;
 Who is His saints' chief praise,
 E'en those of Israel born ;
 A people nigh
 Unto the Lord.
 With glad accord
 Praise God Most High !

PSALM CXLIX.

A song of victory.

A HALLELUJAH PSALM.

WITH loud hallelujahs uplift a new song
 To God, and His praises where saints love to throng.

Let Israel rejoice in his Maker and sing,
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

To praise His great name, in the dance let them meet,
On timbrel and harp making melody sweet,
For in His own people the Lord takes delight,
And will with salvation the humble make bright.

Let the saints, too, in glory exulting, rejoice :
In song on their beds let them lift up their voice,
Their throat full of praise, of high praise, of the Lord,
And grasped in their right hand a double-edged sword ;

To execute vengeance on nations afar,
And punish the peoples with horrors of war :
To bind round their monarchs captivity's chain ;
Their nobles with fetters of steel to restrain :

To execute on them the chastisement sore,
Recorded against them in judgment of yore :—
For all His beloved is this glory secured !
With loud hallelujahs O praise ye the Lord !

PSALM CL.

The final doxology.

A HALLELUJAH PSALM.

HALLELUJAH ! praise the Lord
In His shrine and power on high ;
Praise His mighty acts ; record
His transcendent majesty.

Praise Him with the trumpet's note ;
With the viol sounding sweet :
With the tabret and the lute ;
In the dance with bounding feet.

Praise to Him on pipe and string,
Cymbals loud and clear, accord :
Praise Him, every breathing thing !
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

END OF THE PSALMS.

SUPPLEMENT OF HEBREW LYRICS.

—o—

2 Samuel i. 19-27,	David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan.
2 Samuel iii. 33, 34,	David's Lament over Abner.
2 Samuel xxiii. 1-7,	David's Last Words.
Genesis iv. 23, 24,	Song of Lamech.
Exodus xv.,	Song of Moses and Miriam.
Judges v.,	Song of Deborah.
1 Samuel ii. 1-10,	A Psalm of Deliverance.
Jonah ii.	Thanksgiving of Jonah.
Isaiah xxxviii. 10-20,	Psalm of Hezekiah.
Deuteronomy xxxii. 1-43,	Song of Moses.
Habakkuk iii.	Psalm of Habakkuk.
Lamentations i.-v.,	An Alphabetical Lyric.
Song of Solomon i.-viii.,	A Lyrico-Dramatic Poem.

No. I.

THE DAVIDIC PSALMS FROM THE SECOND
BOOK OF SAMUEL.

2 SAMUEL I. 19-27.

David's lament over Saul and Jonathan.

THE beauty of the forest,
O Israel ! hath been slain
Upon the swelling uplands,
That rise above thy plain.

How are the mighty fallen !
In Gath say not a word ;
In Askalon's broad highways
Spread not the news abroad,

Lest proud Philistia's daughters
In heart thereat rejoice :
Ay, lest the heathen's daughters
In triumph lift their voice !

Ye mountains of Gilboa,
Let there not come on you,
Nor on your fields of offerings
Or rain or drops of dew ;

For there the mighty's buckler
Is vilely cast away,
And, as though unanointed,
Saul's buckler in the fray !

From blood of foemen slaughtered,
From spoil of mighty men,
Ne'er Jonathan's bow empty,
Nor Saul's sword, came again.

Lovely they were and pleasant,
While yet in being here ;
And they were not divided
When cruel death drew near.

Swifter they were than eagles,
Than lions stronger far :
Weep, weep, ye Israel's daughters,
For Saul o'erthrown in war ;

Who clothed you in rich scarlet,
And many a rare delight ;
Who with pure gold adornments
Made your apparel bright.

How are the mighty fallen,
Where high the battle ran ;
A corpse on Israel's uplands
Lies slaughtered Jonathan !

O Jonathan, my brother !
I am distressed for thee :
Thou hast been very pleasant,
O Jonathan ! to me.

Thy love to me was wondrous,
Surpassing women's far !
How are the mighty fallen,
And crushed the shafts of war !

2 SAMUEL III. 33, 34.

David's lament over Abner.

SHOULD Abner ignominiously,
As 'twere a malefactor, die ?
Thy hands by bonds were not restrained,
Nor were thy feet with fetters chained :
But, as before the murderer's blow
His victim falls, so fellest thou !

2 SAMUEL XXIII. 1-7.

David's last words.

THE words of David, Jesse's son,
The man who was upraised on high ;
Of Jacob's God the Anointed one,
Sweet bard of Israel's psalmody :—

In me God's Spirit speaks His will ;
His words they are upon my tongue :
Thus saith the God of Israel ;
Thus Israel's rock to me hath sung.

If over men one rules aright,—
The fear of God before his eyes,—
It is as when the sunbeams bright
At early morn unclouded rise.

As when in sunshine bright and clear,
At morn, when now the rain is o'er,
The tender shoots of grass appear,
Upspringing from the earth once more.

For is my house not so with God,
That He a league, which shall endure,
Hath made with me from His abode,
In all things ordered and made sure?

For my salvation from on high,
And my desire on earth below,—
Yea, to its full maturity
Should He not make it for to grow?

But wicked men are, all of them,
As hateful weeds that choke the land,
Of which the armed and prickly stem
Cannot be grasped by human hand;

And unto which whoso draws near
Is fenced as with an iron wall,
And with the handle of a spear;—
And forthwith flames consume them all.

No. II.

HEBREW LYRICS.

GENESIS IV. 23, 24.

Lamech's song on the discovery of the sword.

ADAH and Zillah ! hear ye what I say :

Ye wives of Lamech ! to my speech give ear :
The man, that woundeth me, will I now slay,
And the young man that doth my hurt prepare.
If Cain shall sevenfold be avenged ; then, see !
Seventy and sevenfold times shall Lamech be !

EXODUS XV.

The song of Moses and Miriam.

I'LL sing unto Jehovah, who hath triumphed gloriously ;
The war-horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea !

Jehovah, e'er in battle-field my strength and rallying cry,
Was then my strong salvation, when the heathen hosts drew nigh.

Jehovah is my God, and I will therefore praise His name ;
As God, too, of my fatherland, will I exalt His fame.

In war the Lord is mighty ; Jehovah called is He ;
The cars and hosts of Pharaoh hath He cast into the sea.

His chosen captains, also, all were in the Red Sea drowned :
The depths have covered them ; they sank as pebbles to the ground.

Thy right hand, O Jehovah ! doth Thy glorious power maintain ;
Thy right hand, O Jehovah ! hath their broken legions slain.

Thou in Thy glory's greatness hast, and in Thy wrath, o'erturned
Thy foemen, and consumed them, as the stubble that is burned :

For backward at Thy blasting breath the gathered waters reeled,
And upright stood the heaped-up floods, 'midst ocean's depths
congealed.

The foemen said, 'I will pursue, and overtake their hosts ;
Ay, and divide the booty, ere they leave proud Egypt's coasts :

'Upon them to the utmost I my heart's lust will obtain ;
My sword I'll draw, and by my hand shall all their tribes be
slain !'

Thou with Thy wind didst blow ; the sea's deep waters o'er them
spread :
Beneath the mighty waves o'erwhelmed, their hosts sank down as
lead.

Among the gods O who is like, Jehovah ! unto Thee,
So glorious in Thy holiness as none beside may be ;

So fearful in Thy praises, and so wondrous in Thy powers !
Thou stretchest out Thy right hand, and the sea Thy foes
devours.

Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth Thy ransomed people free,
And in Thy strength hast guided them to Thy blest sanctuary.

The nations heard ; they tremble ; they of Palestine showed fear :
Then were the dukes of Edom all amazed as Thou drew'st near ;

The mighty men of Moab, lo ! they trembled with dismay ;
The denizens of Canaan's land are melted all away :

In fear and dread by Thy strong arm to silence are they brought,
As 'twere a stone ; till *they* pass o'er, whom Thou, O Lord ! hast
bought :

Thou bring'st them in, and plantest them upon the hill of God,
Jehovah ! in the place which Thou hast made for Thine abode ;

The sanctuary Thine hands, O Lord ! have there established sure.
Jehovah, He alone is King for aye and evermore !

JUDGES V.

The song of Deborah.

PRELUDE.

FORASMUCH as Israel's captains
 Led the people forth to fight ;
Forasmuch as Israel's people
 Gladly battled for the right :
 Hallelujah !
 Praise the Lord, the God of might !

DEBORAH.

Hearken, all ye kings and princes !
 Hearken, and give ear to me :
 I will sing unto Jehovah,
 Israel's God, right joyfully.
 Hallelujah !
 Praise the Lord of victory !

When thou wentest forth from Seir
 'Gainst the nations with a shout ;
 Ay, when from the field of Edom
 Thou to battle marchedst out,
 O Jehovah !
 'Gainst the heathen round about ;

Heaven dropt, the round world trembled,
 Out the clouds their waters poured ;
 Mountains melted at Thy presence,
 Sinai e'en before the Lord,
 God of Israel !
 Melted as His steps it heard.

In the early days of Shamgar,
 Anath's son ; in Jael's days,
 Were the highways unfrequented,
 Travellers journeyed through by-ways :
 Hallelujah !
 Sing to God in joyful praise !

Then the magistrates set o'er thee
 Ceased the judgment-seat to fill ;

Yea, they ceased in all thy borders,
Till I, Deborah, rose, until
I arose up,
As thy mother, Israel !

They new judges chose to rule them ;
In the gates the battle roared :
Yet was seen 'mong forty thousand,
Israel ! not a shield or sword,
Forty thousand
Of the people of the Lord.

Saith my heart to Israel's captains,
And to them, with glad accord
Offering from among the peopl
Their assistance to afford,—
' Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord ! '

Ye that ride upon white asses !
Sing God's praise this joyful day :
Ye in lordly chariots sitting !
Ye that walk along the way !
' Hallelujah !
Praise the Lord in tuneful lay ! '

With the noise of merry singers,
Ye beside the brimming well !
Sing the goodness of Jehovah,
Goodness t'ward His Israel :
Come, His people !
At the gates God's praises tell !

CHORUS.

Wake, O Deborah ! right early,
 Wake, and sing thy joyful psalm :
 Barak ! rise, lead on thy captives,
 Son of proud Abinoam !
 Hallelujah !
 Praise the great Jehovah's name !

DEBORAH.

Then a remnant of the nobles,
 Of the people, did go down ;
 With the captives did Jehovah
 Go Himself, to help His own :
 Hallelujah !
 With your praise Jehovah crown !

Ephraim ! thou didst send those 'stablished
 In Mount Amalek ; after thee
 Benjamin came 'mong thy people ;
 Machir sent her chivalry ;
 And Zebulon
 Those that her chief rulers be.

And with Deborah there the princes
 Ruling Issachar were found ;
 Issachar's bold warriors also
 Bravely Barak mustered round,
 As on foot he
 Sought the valley's level ground.

By the streams of Reuben were there
Hearts with mighty thoughts elate !
O why stay'dst thou by the sheep-folds
With thy flocks to hear them bleat ?
For by Reuben's
Streams there were heart-searchings great !

Gilead crossed not over Jordan ;
Dan remained on ship-board—why ?
Asher in his ports continued !
Zebulon and Naphtali
Bravely ventured
Life upon the heights—to die !

Came the kings ; the kings of Canaan
Came and fought at Taanach :
By the waters of Megiddo
Fought they ; but they took not back
 Spoil of silver,
As the fruit of their attack.

Fought the planets from their courses,
Fought the stars 'gainst Sisera :
They were whelmed in Kishon's torrent,
 Kishon's torrent, famed in war.

CHORUS.

Be uplifted,
Soul ! with strength foes' strength to mar !

DEBORAH.

Then the horses' hoofs were broken
 By the prancings in affright ;
 By the terror-stricken prancings
 Of their mighty ones in flight :
 Hallelujah !
 Praise the Lord of Israel's might !

'Curse ye Meroz,' said God's angel,
 'Curses on her people shower,
 Since they helped not dread Jehovah,
 Helped not in the battle-hour
 Dread Jehovah
 'Gainst the men of mighty power.'

Blessèd shall the Kenite woman,
 Jael, wife of Heber, be ;
 Blessèd shall she be 'bove women
 'Neath the tent's wide canopy ;
 Now and ever
 Blessèd most exceedingly !

He but asked a drop of water,
 And she gave him milk instead ;
 Butter brought she and before him
 In a lordly dish outspread ;
 Thus she fed him,
 As he lay upon the bed.

With her hand the nail uplifting,
 With her right hand raised on high,

Seizing on the workman's hammer,
She to Sisera drew nigh ;
With the hammer
Jael smote her enemy.

Sisera's head she smote ; his temple
Struck and pierced she through in bed :
At her feet he bowed, he lay down ;
At her feet he bowed his head ;
Where he bowed him,
There he fell, he fell down dead.

Through the window Sisera's mother,
Sisera's mother looked afar,
Crying through the open lattice,
' What is it delays his car ?
O why tarry
Thus his chariot-wheels of war ? '

Then the wise ones of her ladies
Answer make to her and say,—
Answer to herself she maketh,—
' Surely they have sped to-day,
And they tarry
Only to divide the prey.

' Every man a prey of damsels ;
And to Sisera for thee
Goodly spoil in divers colours,
Robes of rare embroidery,
Woven double ;
Trophies meet of victory.'

CHORUS.

So let all Thy foes, Lord ! perish ;
 But those who in Him delight
 Are as is the sun in heaven,
 When, to drive away the night,
 Every morning
 Forth he goeth in his might.

I SAMUEL II. 1-10.

A psalm of deliverance.

MY heart rejoiceth in Jehovah,
 Mine horn in Him is lifted high ;
 Enlarged my mouth is o'er my foemen,
 For joy in Thy sure victory.

None is there holy as Jehovah ;
 Not one to be compared to Thee :
 Nor is there, like our God in heaven,
 A rock of full security.

No more talk so exceeding proudly ;
 No haughty words by thee be said ;
 Jehovah is a God of knowledge,
 By Him, too, are all actions weighed.

The bows of mighty men are broken ;
 With strength are they that stumbled clad ;
 They, once full filled, their bread are earning,
 And they, once hungry, rest have had :

So that the barren hath borne seven,
And she waxed weak, that hath much seed :
God kills and makes alive ; He bringeth
Down to the grave, and up doth lead.

Jehovah poor and wealthy maketh,
He bringeth low, and lifteth higher ;
The poor from out the dust He taketh,
And lifts the beggar from the mire,

To set them up among the princes,
And make them heirs of glory's throne ;
For all earth's pillars are Jehovah's,
And He hath set the world thereon.

He will uphold His servants' goings :
Dark silence is the sinner's doom ;
Because by strength no man prevaleth ;
God's foes shall to destruction come.

He out of heaven shall thunder on them ;
Jehovah all earth's ends shall try,
Give His king strength, and His anointed's
Head also lift exceedingly.

JONAH II.

The thanksgiving of Jonah.

I CRIED to God from out my woe,
And He to me gave ear ;
I cried from out hell's womb below,
And Thou my voice didst hear.

For to the deep, the ocean's bed,
 Thou, Lord ! didst cast me out ;
 Thy stormy waves passed o'er my head ;
 Floods compassed me about.

Then, ' I, alas ! am cast, O Lord !
 Out from Thy sight,' said I ;
 Yet will I look again toward
 Thy holy sanctuary.

E'en to the soul the billows' heads
 Encompassed me around ;
 The depths closed o'er me, and the weeds
 About my head were bound.

I went down to the mountains' base ;
 Earth's gates were closed for aye ;
 Yet, Lord my God ! didst Thou release
 My life from death's decay.

When faint my spirit waxed in me,
 Upon the Lord I thought ;
 And then my prayer came in to Thee,
 Into Thy holy court.

They that uphold idolatry,
 Their loving friend forsake ;
 But as for me, to Thee will I
 My sacrifices make,

While with my voice a grateful lay
 Of thankfulness is poured ;
 And that which I have vowed will pay !
 Salvation's of the Lord !

ISAIAH XXXVIII. 10-20.

The psalm of Hezekiah.

I SAID, 'I in my days' calm noon
Shall to the grave's gate go,
Shorn of my years, still left, thus soon
On earth below.'

I said, 'I shall the Lord and God
Ne'er see 'mong living men ;
Nor man 'mong those in death's abode,
Behold again !'

My time's removed, left void its room,
As shepherd's tent up-rolled ;
I, as a weaver on his loom,
My life did fold.

Its web now from the warp will He
Cut off, ere yet complete ;
Thus wilt Thou make an end of me
From day to night.

I reckoned, 'As a lion, He'll break
My bones by morning-light ;'
Thus wilt Thou make an end of me
From day to night.

As swift, or crane, so chattered I ;
Dove-like I mourned ; mine eyes
Failed, looking up ;—so vexed I lie ;
Lord ! help me rise !

What shall I say? My plaint He hears,
And He hath sent relief;
I shall go softly all my years,
Through this deep grief.

By these things men do live, O Lord!
My soul's life they revive;
E'en so hast Thou my health restored,
And made me live.

Behold, for peace I had great woe;
But Thou in love didst free
My soul from hell, and hast cast now
My sins from Thee.

The grave no thanks to Thee can give,
Nor death Thy praise relate;
Nor they Thy truth, who've ceased to live,
In hope await.

The living, living, he Thy name
Shall praise, as I this day;
The fathers to their seed proclaim
Thy praise alway.

The Lord is there His help to bring;
Therefore my songs of praise
Will we to lyres in God's house sing
Throughout life's days.

DEUTERONOMY XXXII. 1-43.

The song of Moses.

GIVE ear, ye heavens ! and I will speak ;
And hear, O earth ! the truths I tell :
My doctrine forth as rain shall break ;
My speech shall as the dew distil ;
As the small rain on tender flowers,
And as on grass refreshing showers :
For I will spread Jehovah's Name ;—
The greatness of our God proclaim !—

He is the rock, His work complete,
For all His ways are equity ;
A God of truth without deceit,
A just and upright God is He.
Themselves have they corrupted sore,
And are His children now no more
But to themselves their own disgrace,
An obstinate and crooked race.

Jehovah have ye thus repaid,
Foolish, unwise community !
O is not He thy Sire who made,
Hath He not formed and stablished, thee ?
Recall to mind the days of old ;
Muse on the years of time untold ;
Ask thou thy sire, and he will show ;
Thine elders, they will let thee know.

When to each nation the Most High
A separate heritage assigns ;
When for all Adam's family
Their several limits He defines ;

Then bounds for Israel He prescribes
After the numbers in its tribes :
For the Lord's portion in His own ;
Jacob His heritage alone.

He found him in a desert bare,
And in wild places waste and dry ;
He led him, and for him did care,
Kept as the apple of His eye ;
E'en as her brood the eagle moves,
And flutters o'er the young she loves,
Her wings spreads forth, and on those wings
Lifts them, and upward with them springs ;

So him alone the Lord did lead,
And there was no strange god at hand ;
He made him ride, as 'twere a steed,
On the high places of the land,
That he might eat the boundless store,
That their rich fields and pastures bore :
Sweets from the rock He made them suck,
And oil from out the flinty rock ;

Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
With flesh of goats, and flesh of rams,
Bred where wide Bashan's pastures sweep,
With choicest fat of tender lambs ;
With finest, most nutritious wheat,
As rich as kidneys' fat, to eat ;
And thou the pure juice of the vine,
And grapes' red juice, didst drink for wine.

But fat Jeshurun waxed and kicked ;
Thou'rt waxen thick, with fat spread o'er ;
His Maker did he then neglect,
And God, his safety's rock, ignore.

They by strange gods to jealousy
Provoke God by idolatry ;
While with abominations they
His wrath provoked Him to display.

Devils, which were not God, they sought
In sacrifice, and gods unknown ;
New gods from all around them brought,
For whom your sires no fear had shewn.

Thou of thy parent-rock think'st not,
And God who bore thee hast forgot.
When God saw this, in wrath outpoured,
His sons and daughters He abhorred :

And said, ' I'll hide from them My face,
And what their end shall be will see ;
For they are a most froward race,
Children that deal unfaithfully.

With false gods they My jealousy
Have moved ; with vain gods angered Me ;
And I with tribes obscure will fire
Their envy ; with the weak their ire.

' For into flame My fierce wrath turns,
And to the lowest hell doth blaze ;
And earth with all her increase burns,
And sets on fire the mountains' base ;
Ills will I heap upon them, and
Mine arrows on them will I spend ;
Hunger shall one and all consume,
Fever devour, and bitter doom :

' On them by Me shall there be sent
The teeth of beasts to slay them all,
With deadly venom, also, spent
By asps that on their bellies crawl :

Without, the sword their lives shall take ;
 Within, shall terror make them quake ;
 The virgin with the stalwart youth,
 The suckling and the greybeard both :

‘ I said, that I would utterly
 O’er earth disperse them here and there,
 And make their very memory
 From ’mong mankind to disappear ;
 But feared their foemen might provoke
 My wrath, while they the truth mistook,
 And say, “ ’Tis our high hand alone,
 And not the Lord, who this hath done ! ” ’

For they’re a dull and senseless band,
 Who to no wisdom can pretend :
 Would they were wise to understand,
 And think upon their latter end !
 How should one man a thousand chase,
 Ten thousand flee before twain’s face,
 Except their Rock His own had sold,
 Jehovah put them into hold ?

For not as *our* Rock is their rock,
 In judgment even of our foes ;
 For *their* vine is of Sodom’s stock,
 And in Gomorrah’s fields it grows :
 Their grapes are grapes of acrid gall,
 And bitter are their clusters all :
 Asps’ deadly venom doth combine
 With dragons’ poison for their wine.

‘Is this with Me not stored away,
 And up among My treasures sealed ?
 Vengeance is Mine ; I will repay,
 When their backslidings are revealed :
 Because now quickly draweth nigh
 The day of their calamity,
 And what shall be their future doom
 Upon them now makes haste to come.’

For, lo ! the Lord shall judge His own,
 And kind unto His servants be ;
 When He perceives their power is gone,
 And none remaineth, bond or free.
 ‘Where are their gods ?’ He then shall say,
 ‘Their rock, who was their trusted stay,
 Which their burnt-offerings’ fat devoured,
 And drank drink-offerings they outpoured ?

‘Let *them* rise up to help, and be
 Your sure protection and your guard :
 See now, that I, even I, am He,
 And there’s no God except the Lord !
 I kill, and I, too, make alive ;
 I wound, and I recovery give :
 Nor is there any that can free
 Out of My hand’s supremacy.

‘For heaven I lift Mine hand toward,
 And, as I live for ever, say,
 If I should whet My glittering sword,
 And should Mine hand on judgment lay,
 I’ll render vengeance to my foes,
 To those that hate me sore their dues :
 I’ll make mine arrows drunk with blood,
 And flesh my sword shall make its food :

‘ That blood the blood from captives shed,
 And from my slaughtered foes, shall be :
 Ay, from the princes at the head
 Of all their vaunted chivalry !’
 Ye tribes, His people ! joy aloud !
 God will avenge His servants’ blood,
 And, rendering vengeance to His foe,
 Love to His land and people show !

HABAKKUK III.

The psalm of Habakkuk.

O LORD ! I’ve heard Thy speech, fulfilled with fears :
 O Lord ! revive Thy work amid the years :
 As they course onward, make it to be known ;
 Remember mercy, when Thy wrath is shown !

God came from Teman, and the Holy One
 From Paran’s mount ; through heaven His glory shone :
 Earth with His praise was filled, and glory streams
 As sunlight from Him ; from each side bright beams :
 There was His veil of majesty ; plagues dire
 Before Him went, behind Him fever’s fire.

He stood and shook the earth, yea, with His gaze
 Convulsed all nations with dismayed amaze :
 Down were the everlasting mountains cast :
 The hills of old fell in ; but His ways last :
 The tents of Cushan in deep grief I saw,
 And thy deep hangings, Midian ! shake with awe.

Was it the rivers, Lord ! displeasèd Thee ?
Did they Thine anger move ? Thy wrath the sea ?
That Thou didst ride upon Thy steeds of war,
And on Thy chariots which salvation are ?
Thy bow is bared—the threatening darts of God's
Sure victory ; Thou the earth didst cleave with floods !

The fountains saw, and shook with travail-throe ;
With onward rush passed ocean's overflow :
Its voice the great deep uttered plaintively,
And lifted up its suppliant hands on high :
The sun and moon stood still in their abode
At the bright light that from Thine arrows flowed,
And at Thy glittering spear-head's shining flash :—
In wrath dost Thou tread earth, and nations thresh.

Thou wentest forth to save Thy chosen race,
To save Thine own anointed from disgrace :
The head Thou woundedst of the wicked's house,
And didst his entrails to the neck disclose :
His chiefest warriors didst Thou with his staves
Strike through, when they, as some fierce whirlwind raves,
Came forth to scatter me abroad ; the poor
'Twas their great joy in secret to devour.
Thou with Thine horses walkedst through the sea,
Whose waves were heaped on either side of Thee !

My body trembled when I heard Him speak ;
Yea, at the voice my very lips did quake :

Into my bones there entered rottenness,
 Nor can I trembling in my knees repress,
 That I must wait in silence trouble's day,
 When He the people cometh up to slay.

Although the fig-tree shall no blossom see,
 Nor clustering fruit upon the vine shall be ;
 Although the labour of the olive cease,
 And fields and pastures yield not their increase ;
 Although the flocks be from the folds destroyed,
 The teeming stalls be of their herds devoid ;

Yet in Jehovah will I joy, and still
 Rejoice my Saviour-God's great praise to tell.
 The Lord Jehovah is my strength, and He
 Like to hinds' feet hath made my feet to be ;
 Yea, maketh me to walk with fearless tread
 The dizzy heights that all around me spread.

LAMENTATIONS I.-V.

The Book of Lamentations.

AN ALPHABETICAL LYRIC.

I.

A LAS ! how lone the city sits, so thronged of yore !
 How widowed now is she, that was so great before !
 How, Queen of nations once, now pays she tribute ore !

B y night she weeps : adown her cheek the tear-drop flows ;
'Mongst all her lovers none are left to soothe her woes ;
Her friends, O faithless name ! are all become her foes.

C aptive goes Judah forth, by grief and toil opprest ;
She dwells 'mongst heathen tribes, and never findeth rest,
In close defiles o'erta'en by ruthless foemen's quest.

D oleful are Sion's ways, since to her feasts none press ;
Her gates all desolate, her priests in sore distress,
Her virgins bowed with grief, and she in bitterness.

E xult her enemies, successful are her foes ;
The Lord for all her sins hath grieved her sore with woes :
Before her enemies her seed to bondage goes.

F rom Sion's daughter fair is all her beauty gone ;
Her princes like to harts, when they find pasture none,—
Before pursuing foes with failing strength they run.

G rief-stricken Salem thinks on happy days gone by,
Now that her tribes, struck down by foemen, helpless lie,
Who, when they see her, mock her Sabbaths scornfully.

H einous are Salem's sins ; therefore is she unclean ;
Scorned by her lovers who her nakedness have seen ;
Yea, she herself sighs deep, and turns to hide from men.

I mpure, with sin-stained skirts, she thinks not what shall be :
Thus wondrously she fell, nor comforter had she ;—
'Lord ! see my grief : my foe exalts himself 'gainst me !'

K ings have spread out their hands upon Thy treasure-store ;
The heathen hath she seen within Thy temple-door,
Whose presence 'mong Thine own Thy Word forbade of yore.

L o ! all her people sigh ; they seek for bread ; they give
 Their pleasant things for meat their spirit to revive ;
 ' See, and consider, Lord ! the abject life I live ! '

M ark, passers-by ! to you is't nought ? Behold and see,
 If any sorrow like unto my sorrow be,
 Wherewith the Lord in wrath hath sore afflicted me.

N ay, fire hath He sent down to waste my bones away ;
 Spread for my feet a net ; scared me in wild dismay ;
 And made me desolate, and faint, the live-long day.

O n me His hand hath bound sin's yoke my throat to deck,
 Till my strength fails with it wreathed closely round my neck :
 And in my foemen's hands I lie a helpless wreck.

P rinces of mine the Lord hath trodden underfoot ;
 His hosts hath He 'gainst me, to crush my youth, called out,
 And on Sion's daughter trod, as on the wine-press fruit.

R ivers of tears I've shed, yea, I have wept and wailed ;
 The Comforter that should have soothed my soul hath failed :
 My seed are desolate; my foemen have prevailed.

S ion spreads forth her hands, but still no comfort knows ;
 Jacob the Lord decreed to be beset by foes ;
 Jerusalem the scorn of neighbouring nations grows.

T he Lord is just, for I was on rebellion bent :
 All peoples ! hear, I pray, and see how I lament !
 My virgins and young men are into bondage sent.

U pon mine own I've called, but they did but deceive ;
 Mine elders and my priests ceased in my streets to live,
 While for their meat they sought, their spirit to revive.

V ouchsafe to see my grief, O Lord ! my bowels swell ;
 My heart is turned, for I have ceased not to rebel :
 Abroad the sword bereaves, at home death seeks to dwell.

W hen thus I sigh, they hear ; ‘There’s none to comfort me !’
 My foes all know my grief; they joy ’twas sent by Thee :
 But Thy set day hath come,—and they like me shall be.

Y ea, let their wickedness rise up before Thine eyes ;
 Treat them as Thou hast me for mine iniquities :
 For I am faint at heart, and countless are my sighs.

II.

A CLOUD hath God in wrath o’er Judah’s daughter spread,
 And Israel’s beauty cast on earth from heaven o’erhead ;
 His footstool all forgot in time of anger dread.

B y Him are Jacob’s homes devoured, nor pity shown ;
 He Judah’s daughter’s forts hath in His wrath o’erthrown,
 Ay, and the realm profaned, and its great men brought down.

C ut off in His fierce wrath, cut off is Israel’s horn ;
 The Lord before the foe hath His right hand withdrawn,
 And, like a wasting flame, burned those of Jacob born.

D rawn was His bended bow, as ’twere some foe that drew ;
 His hand took hostile aim, and all things lovely slew
 In Sion’s daughter’s tents ; His fierce wrath forth He threw.

E ven as a foe the Lord hath Israel thus devoured ;
 Her mansions swallowed up, His mighty strongholds lowered,
 And greater grief and woe on Judah’s daughter poured.

Fiercely hath He His shrine, as 'twere a shed, o'erthrown,
 His feasts destroyed, and made His Sabbath days unknown
 In Sion, and wrathful scorn for priest and monarch shown.

God hath His shrine abhorred, His altar cast away,
 And given her palace walls to be her foemen's prey,
 Who in the Lord's house shout, as on some festal day.

His purpose is to raze fair Sion's daughter's wall ;
 A line hath He outstretched, nor ceased to work her fall :
 Ramparts and walls He made to weep and languish all.

Unto the ground are sunk her gates, whose bars He tore ;
 'Mong Gentiles are her king and chiefs ; the law no more ;
 Her seers find from the Lord no vision as before.

Joyless, her elders sit in silence on the ground ;
 With dust upon their heads ; with sackcloth girded round ;
 While Salem's virgins bow their heads in grief profound.

Lo ! I am blind with tears, my life my sorrows taint ;
 Through Israel's daughter's loss I lose all self-restraint ;
 For in the city streets mere babes and sucklings faint.

'Mother ! O where is corn and wine ?' the children say,
 When they, like wounded men, swooned in the public way,
 And breathed their last, as on their mothers' breast they lay.

Naught, Sion's maid ! can I say for, naught liken to, thee ;
 Naught, Sion's maid ! compare with thee, thy balm to be :
 Thy breaches who can heal, as boundless as the sea ?

Only vain foolish things thy prophets' eyes survey ;
 They have not seen thy sins, to turn thy bonds away :
 False prophets have they been, to lead thy steps astray.

R evilers clap their hands at thee, and passers-by ;
 They hiss and shake their heads, as Salem's maid they spy :
 'Is this called "*beauty's flower*," "*the whole earth's joy*" ?' they
 cry.

P roudly their mouths thy foes have opened wide at thee ;
 They rise and gnash their teeth, and say, ' Devoured is she !
 The looked for day is found, the longed for day we see ! '

S urely what He devised, that hath Jehovah done !
 His word of old fulfilled, nor pitied, but o'erthrown,
 And raised thy foemen's horn in triumph o'er thine own.

T heir heart cried to the Lord, ' O Sion's daughter's wall !
 Let tears both day and night in torrents from thee fall ;
 Let not their fountain cease ; give it no rest at all.

' U p, rise ! cry out at night ; in the first watch outpour
 Thine heart, as water-floods, Jehovah's face before :
 Life for thy starving seed with lifted hands implore.

' V ouchsafe, O Lord ! to see to whom Thou'st done this ill :
 Shall women eat their fruit,—babes they must carry still ?
 Shall men before Thy shrine the priest and prophet kill ?

' W oe for the young and old ; they in the streets are laid ;
 My virgins and young men are fallen before the blade :
 Thou in Thy wrath hast slain ; ay, ruthless slaughter made.

' Y ea, Thou, as on a feast, hast called the dwellers round :
 None in Thine anger's day remained, nor shelter found :
 Those I have borne and bred to death my foemen wound.'

III.

A affliction have I seen by His wrath's rod of might ;
 A y, into darkness He hath brought me, not to light :
 A gainst but me He turns His hand by day and night.

B oth flesh and skin He wastes, and breaks my bones ; aye, more,
 B uildeth 'gainst me all round with gall and travail sore,
 B ringing me down to hell, as those dead long before.

C ompassed am I, confined ; my chains I scarce can bear :
 C rying aloud I howl, but He shuts out my prayer :
 C losed in, as with hewn stones, crooked my paths appear.

D readful was He to me, as lion or bear laid wait :
 D ragged off and rent, by Him was I made desolate :
 D rawn was His bow, and I as His dart's target set.

E 'en to my very reins His quiver's children sank :
 E ach day a joke and song to men of every rank,
 E xceeding bitter woe and wormwood's dregs I drank.

F racturing my teeth with stones, with dust He covered me :
 F ar off from peace, lo ! I forgat prosperity,
 F or said I, 'God no more my hope and trust may be !'

G ive thought to all my woes, the wormwood and the gall ;
 G raven upon mine heart, mine humbled heart, are all :
 G reat is mine hope since I back to remembrance call,—

H ow God's love's ne'er consumed, nor His compassions fail ;
 H ow they are new each morn : Thy truth, Lord ! must prevail !
 H e is thy portion, soul ! naught can thine hope assail !

I t's good God is to such as wait and seek Him here ;
 I t's good to hope, and wait in peace His help to share ;
 I t's good for one that he in youth the yoke should bear.

K ept silent, 'neath God's yoke laid on, apart sits he ;
 K issing the very dust, if hope there still may be ;
 K een for the smiter's blow, fulfilled with contumely.

L o ! God will not cast off for ever, but though He
 L ets men be grieved, will show His boundless clemency :
 L oath is He to afflict or grieve man's progeny.

M en prisoners here on earth beneath their feet abase ;
 M en turn aside just rights before the Most High's face ;
 M en righteous claims subvert ; but such God's eye will trace.

N o word can come to pass, except it be God's will ;
 N ay, from the Most High's mouth proceed not good and ill ?
 N eed living men complain ? Let them their misdeeds tell !

O let us search our ways, and back to God be driven ;
 O ur hearts and hands let us uplift to Him in heaven :
 O ft have we rebels sinned, and Thou hast not forgiven.

R ound us is Thy fierce wrath ; Thou'st slain, nor pity show :
 R ound Thee are Thy thick clouds, that our prayer pass
 not through.
 R efuse hast Thou made us, the scum of earth below.

P roud foemen have their mouths against us opened wide ;
 P iffalls, fear, waste, and doom surround us on each side ;
 P our forth my tears in floods for Salem's youth and pride.

S hed in one ceaseless stream, my constant tears course down :
 S hall not the Lord look forth, and see from heaven, His throne ?
 S ore are my weeping eyes for thy fair maids, mine own !

T he foe hath, like a bird, sore chased me causelessly ;
 T hey've slain me in the pit, and stoned me that I die ;
 T he streams flowed o'er mine head ; I said, 'Cut off am I !'

U pon Thy name I called, Lord ! from the dungeon drear ;
 U p ! Thou hast heard my voice ; I cry for help ; be near !
 U pon the day I called, Thou bad'st me not to fear.

V ouchsafe, Lord ! since my Friend and Saviour Thou hast been,
 V ouchsafe to plead my cause, whose sorrows Thou hast seen,—
 V engeance against me vowed, and plots men's hearts within.

W ith Thine own ears Thou'st heard their slanderous plans of
 wrong,

W hat those against me say, their schemings all day long ;
 W hen they sit down or rise, behold ! I am their song.

Y ield them reward, O Lord ! e'en as their hands have done ;
 Y ield to them grief of heart ; Thy curse be on each one ;
 Y ea, hunt and root them out in wrath from 'neath the sun !

IV.

A las ! how dimmed the gold ; the most fine gold how changed ;
 The hallowed stones poured out, at every street-end ranged :
 B ehold ! Sion's precious sons, weighty as solid gold,
 How deemed as earthen pots, which potters' fingers mould !
 C ruel as ostrich wild, my people's daughter fair :—
 E'en jackals yield their breasts to nurse the whelps they bear !—
 D ry is the infant's tongue, and to its palate cleaves ;
 Young children ask for bread, and none their want relieves.
 E 'en they, once richly fed, despair in all the streets,
 And he in scarlet reared now on the dunghill sits :

F or Judah's daughter's sin exceedeth Sodom's far ;
 At once was she o'erthrown ; no hand felt she in war.

G listening o'er snow her chiefs ; than milk were they more white ;
 Their limbs than rubies red ; their form a sapphire bright.

H ow black their face—as coal ! they're in the streets unknown ;
 Their skin cleaves to their bones, as dry as sticks now grown.

I t's better with the sword than hunger to be slain ;
 For, stricken through, these waste, for want of field-grown grain.

K ind women's tender hands have boiled their babes to eat ;
 When Judah's daughter fell, this was the mothers' meat !

L o ! God's wrath is fulfilled ; His furious ire outpoured ;
 To Sion hath He set fire ; its deep-set base devoured.

M agnates of earth, and all the dwellers thereupon,
 Would not have thought that foes could Salem's gates have won,

N or that her prophets' sins and priests' iniquity,
 Shedding just blood therein, have caused this thing to be.

O ut of the way they've strayed, like blind men in the street,
 Their robes defiled with blood, ne'er touched by those they meet.

'R emove !' men cried, 'unclean ! touch not !' and, when they fled,
 'They shall not sojourn here !' they 'mong the heathen said. '

P arted by God's fierce glance, nor looked on by the Lord,
 Unhonoured were the priests, the elders all abhorred.

S ore are our eyes as we in vain for help look out.
 Watching on our watch-tower for those, whose help is nought.

T hey hunt our steps, till we abroad dare not appear :
 Our end is nigh, our days fulfilled,—our end is here !

U p our oppressors rise, swifter than eagles fly ;
 O'er mountains they pursue ; in wait in deserts lie.

V ain thought ! beneath His shade 'mongst heathens to have lived ;
 Their nets our nostrils' breath ; God's 'ointed king deceived.

W ilt laugh, O Edom's maid, that dwell'st in Uz ? E'en there
 Shall this cup pass, and thou be drunk, and strip thee bare !

Z ion ! thy doom is full ; thine exile o'er ; the Lord
 Will visit Edom's sins, and spread her guilt abroad !

V.

Remember, Lord ! our state ; consider, see our shame :
Our land and homes transferred to tribes of alien name :

We helpless orphans are ; our mothers widows lone ;
Water to drink we buy, and wood, which were our own :

Our necks oppression bows ; we work nor rest obtain ;
Egypt's, Assyria's slaves ! our very bread to gain :

Our sires, who sinned, are not, and we their misdeeds bear ;
Bondmen have rule o'er us, and none to help there are :

We risk our lives for food, threatened by Arab blade ;
Through famine's fever-blast our skin is fiery red :

Thy wives, O Sion ! thy maids, O Judah ! they defiled ;
Hung chieftains by the hands, and reverend age reviled :

The youths they took to grind ; the lads 'neath wood-loads fell ;
The old ceased from the gate ; the young from music's spell.

Our joy of heart is ceased ; our dance to tears doth pass ;
Our crown is fallen from us ; that we have sinned,—alas !

For this our heart is faint ; and dim our eyes become,
For Sion's mount laid waste, where now the jackals roam.

Thou, Lord ! art kind for aye ; from age to age Thy throne !
Why, ne'er remembering us, leave us so long so lone ?

Turn us, O Lord ! that we be turned ; old days renew :
Or wilt Thou, very wroth, Thy chosen race eschew ?

No. III.

A HEBREW LYRICO-DRAMATIC POEM.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON I.-VIII.

THE TITLE.

THE SONG OF SONGS, WHICH IS SOLOMON'S.

PART I.

THE BRIDE IN THE KING'S CHAMBERS.

CHAP. I. 2-II. 7.

The Prologue.

Chorus. Let him lay his lips to mine,
For thy loves excel all wine :
Though thy perfumes are so sweet,
Still thy name is sweeter yet :
Therefore do we maidens fair
Thus our love for thee declare.
Do but draw me ; after thee
Will we then run speedily :

For his servant hath the king
 To his chambers deigned to bring :
 There in thee with heart and voice
 Will we cease not to rejoice,
 And of thine endearments tell,
 Which the joys of wine excel :
 'Tis an upright love that we
 Would, O king ! declare for thee.

The bride and the daughters of Jerusalem.

The Bride. I am black, but comely still,
 O ye maids of Israel !
 Black as Kedar's tents of hair,
 Fair as Solomon's hangings rare.
 Look not at my swarthy hue ;
 'Twas the sun's glare tanned me so :
 For my mother's sons made me,
 In their wrath, the keeper be
 Of the vineyards, so mine own
 I was forced to leave alone.
 Thou whom my soul loveth ! say,
 Where thou feedest ? at mid-day
 Where thou mak'st thy flocks lie down ?
 For why should I be as one
 Who hath, as an outcast, strayed
 Where thy comrades' flocks are laid ?

Chorus. Fairest among womankind !
 If thy way thou canst not find,
 Go forth by the footprints made
 By the flock, as there they tread,
 And thy kids with food supply
 'Mong the shepherds' tents hard by.

Entrance of the king.

The King. Thee, my love ! do I compare
 To a horse in Pharaoh's car :
 Rows of beads thy fair cheeks deck,
 Chains thereof thy comely neck :
 But for thee we bands of gold
 Will, with studs of silver, mould.

The Bride. While the king at table sits,
 Its sweet scent my nard emits ;
 As a bag of myrrh to me
 Seems my well-beloved to be,
 As a bag of myrrh that rests
 All the night betwixt my breasts ;
 As a bunch of henna, grown
 In En-gedi's garths, mine own.

The beloved and the bride.

The King. Lo ! most fair art thou, my love !
 Fair, with soft eyes like a dove.

The Bride. My beloved ! lo ! thou art fair,
 Pleasant ; green the bed we share.

The King. Cedar are our chamber-beams,
 And its roof yon cypress seems.

The Bride. I'm the rose of Sharon's dale,
 And the lily of the vale.

The King. As the lily thorns among,
 Is my love 'mid beauty's throng.

The Bride. As the quince 'mong woodland trees,
'Mong mankind my loved one is.
With delight I took my seat
'Neath him, for his fruit was sweet.
To the banquet by him led,
O'er me he love's banner spread.
With grapes stay me ; straw above
Apples, for I'm sick of love.
Would, his left hand 'neath me placed,
I were by his right embraced !

(*To Chorus.*) O all ye, the daughters fair
Of Jerusalem ! beware !
By the roes, and every hind
Of the field, I bid you mind,
Lest love's slumbers ye should break,
Until he be pleased to wake.

PART II.

THE BRIDE'S TWO MONOLOGUES.

CHAP. II. 8-III. 5.

The visit of the beloved.

The Bride. Hark ! my loved one's footsteps sound,
As he hitherward doth bound,
Leaping on the mountain bold,
Skipping o'er the swelling wold.

My beloved is like a roe,
Or a young gazelle ; for, lo !
He behind the wall doth stand,
That surrounds our garden land ;
From the window looks he out,
Through the lattice, round about.
My beloved began, and he
Thus addressed himself to me :—
'Rise, my love ! no more delay ;
Rise, my fair one ! come away :
For 'tis winter-time no more,
All its heavy rains are o'er ;
On the earth the flowers appear,
Warbling birds are singing clear,
And the voice of turtle-dove
May be heard in every grove.
See ! the fig-tree's fruitful twigs
Now put forth their fresh green figs,
And each vine's young flowering shoot
Sheds its fragrance round about.
Rise, my love ! no more delay ;
Rise, my fair one ! come away.
In thy rock-girt home, my dove !
In thy secret nook above,
Let me see thy features clear,
And thy voice O let me hear ;
For thy voice is sweet to me,
And thy face is fair to see.
Take us foxes in thy toils,
Cubs, that make the vines their spoils,
For our vines begin to show
Tender grapes upon them now.'
My beloved is mine own,
And I his, yea, his alone ;

He a shepherd's life doth lead,
Where his flocks 'mong lilies feed.
Now, until the cool of day,
Till the shadows flee away,
My belovèd ! turn and go
From me, and be like a roe,
Or a young gazelle, that leaps
Over Bether's mountain-steeps.

The bride's first dream.

The Bride. On my bed I sought by night
Him, who is my heart's delight ;
Yea, for him I fondly sought ;
But, alas ! I found him not.
Come, let me arise, and go,
In the streets, the city through ;
In the broad ways, left and right,
Will I seek my soul's delight ;
Thus for him I fondly sought,
But, alas ! I found him not.
By the watchmen, on their round
Through the city, was I found :—
'Saw ye,' asked I in affright,
'Him who is my soul's delight ?'
But a little farther on
From them had my footsteps gone,
When I found, O joyful sight !
Him who is my soul's delight.
Fast I held, nor let him go,
Until I had brought him so

To my mother's house, *her* room,
Who conceived me in the womb.

(*To Chorus.*) O all ye, the daughters fair
Of Jerusalem ! beware !
By the roes and every hind
Of the field, I bid you mind,
That ye ne'er love's slumbers break,
Until he be pleased to wake.

PART III.

ROYAL ESPOUSALS.

III. 6-v. 1.

Bridal procession and royal entry.

Chorus. Who is this that from the wild
Comes like smoke-wreaths densely piled,
Sweet with myrrh, with incense fraught,
And all spice that can be bought ?
Look upon his bed,—of yore
Solomon the king it bore ;
Threescore warriors round it stand,
Valiant men of Israel's band :
Swords they hold, because they are
All of them expert in war ;
Each man with his sword is dight
On his thigh, 'gainst fears at night.

It was royal Solomon,
Who, of wood from Lebanon,
Caused aforetime to be made
For himself this stately bed.
For its pillars did he mould
Silver, for its roof pure gold ;
For the covering of its seat
Purple cushions did he get ;
For its floor, their gift of love,
Carpets Salem's daughters wove.
Sion's daughters ! Forth go ye
Solomon your king to see,
With the crown upon his head,
Which thereon his mother laid
On his marriage-day, when he
Felt his heart's full ecstasy.

The bridegroom's commendation of the bride.

The King. Thou art fair, most fair, my love !
Eyes thou veilest, like the dove ;
As a flock of goats thy hair,
Which from Gilead's mount appear ;
Teeth thou hast, like sheep close shorn,
When from washing they return ;
Whereof each bears twins, and none
Is there barren on the run :
Lips thou hast, like scarlet twine,
And a comely mouth is thine :
Like a sliced pomegranate are
Thy fair temples 'neath thy hair :
Like to David's armoury
Is thy neck,—the tower that he

Hung with bucklers thousand-fold,
Shields of mighty men of old :
Thy two breasts are like twin roes,
Browsing where the lily grows !
I until the cool of day,
Till the shadows flee away,
To the mount of myrrh will hie,
To the hills of incense fly.

The king's invitation.

The King. Love ! thou art all fair to see ;
There is not a spot in thee :
Thou from Lebanon, O bride !
Forth shalt wander by my side,
And shalt cast thy glance afar
From the height of Amana,
Gaze from Shenir's highest crown,
And from Hermon's crest look down ;
From the dens of lions come,
And the leopards' mountain home.
Thou hast ravished all my heart,
Who my bride and sister art :
Thou hast with one look of thine
Ravished all this heart of mine.
O how fair thy fondlings are,
Mine own bride and sister dear !
How much better far than wine
Those endearing ways of thine ;
And thine unguents' fragrant scent
Than all spice more redolent.
Honey-drops thy lips distil,
Milk thy mouth, and honey, fill :

O my bride, thy garments share
 Lebanon's fragrance, rich and rare.
 Garden fair, inclosed each side,
 Is my sister and my bride,
 Yea, a spring shut up secure,
 And a fountain sealed and sure.
 A pomegranate orchard are
 All thy plants ; sweet fruits are there :
 Henna with sweet spikenard's shower,
 Spikenard and the crocus' flower ;
 Calamus and cinnamon,
 Trees of incense many a one ;
 Fragrant myrrh and aloe trees,
 With the choicest spiceries ;
 Founts that make my garden bear,
 Wells of living water clear,
 And full streams, that, sparkling, run
 From the side of Lebanon.

The Bride. North wind ! wake ; come, south wind ! too,
 And upon my garden blow,
 That the fragrant spices there
 Thence flow out, and scent the air :
 Thither let my loved one haste,
 There his pleasant fruits to taste.

The King. I amid my garden's bloom,
 O my sister-bride ! am come ;
 I have gathered rich supply
 Of my myrrh and spicery ;
 Eaten honeycomb of mine,
 Drunk my milk, and drunk my wine ;
 (To his
 guests.) Eat, O friends ! and drink as well ;
 Yea, belovèd ! drink your fill.

PART IV.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

CHAP. V. 2-VI. 9.

The bride's second dream.

The Bride. Though I sleep, my heart's awake ;
'Tis my loved one that doth speak ;
As he knocks, I hear him say :—
‘Open unto me straightway,
Sister mine, my love, my dove,
And mine undefiled ! above
Dew my head and ringlets fills
With the drops that night distils.’
I have doffed the robe I wore,
How shall I resume it more ?
I have washed my feet ; how then
Shall I sully them again ?
My belovèd through the latch
Thrust his hand to raise the catch,
And my bowels then were moved
For him ; I to my beloved
Rose to open, and with myrrh
Both my hands so moistened were,
That 'twas flowing off them o'er
The lock-handles of the door.
When I opened, my beloved
Far away from thence had moved :

At his words my spirit failed ;
 Nought my search for him availed :
 Loudly for him did I cry,
 But he gave me no reply.
 By the watchmen, on their round
 Through the city, was I found,
 Who did smite and wound me sore ;
 Whilst my veil the sentries tore.

(*To Chorus.*) O ye, Salem's daughters fair,
 I adjure you to declare,
 Should ye my belovèd find,
 How love-sick I am in mind.

Chorus. Why is, fairest of the fair !
 Thy beloved beyond compare ?
 What than others is he more,
 That thou us dost thus adjure ?

The bride's commendation of the beloved.

The Bride. My beloved is ruddy white,
 'Mongst a myriad chieftest knight :
 Purest gold his head appears,
 Raven-black its wavy hairs ;
 Eyes like doves', by river's marge
 Washed in milk, and full and large :
 As a spice-bed are his cheeks,
 Each with piled-up perfumes reeks ;
 Lilies are his lips, which thence
 Drops of liquid myrrh dispense ;
 Then his hands are golden zones,
 Set all round with beryl-stones,
 And his belly ivory-white,
 Overlaid with sapphires bright :

Marble pillars, on a base
 Of fine gold, his legs ; his face,
 And whole mien, as Lebanon,
 Goodly as the trees thereon.
 Praises his sweet mouth invites ;
 Yea, the whole of him delights.
 Salem's daughters ! such, to end,
 My beloved is, such my friend.

Chorus. Where is thy belovèd gone ?
 Of the fair thou fairest one !
 Whither turned aside is he,
 That we seek for him with thee ?

The Bride. Down my well-belovèd one
 Is into his garden gone,
 To the spice-beds, to prepare
 Food, and gather lilies there.
 I am his, and he is mine ;
 'Mong the lilies doth he dine.

The beloved's commendation of the bride.

The King. Thou art beauteous, love ! and bright,
 As is Tirzah, named ' Delight ' ;
 Comely as fair Salem, dread
 As an host with banners spread.
 Turn away thine eyes from me,
 For all-conquering they be :
 As a flock of goats thine hair,
 Which from Gilead's mount appear :
 Teeth thou hast, as white as flocks,
 Coming from the washing brooks ;

Whereof each one twins doth bear,
And no barren one is there :
As a sliced pomegranate are
Thy fair temples 'neath thine hair,
There are threescore queens, fourscore
Concubines, and maids far more ;
But my dove, my perfect one,
Is one only ; she alone
To that mother is most dear,
Who did her, her darling, bear.
Daughters blest her, as they gaze ;
Queens and concubines sang praise.

PART V.

HOMEWARD THOUGHTS.

CHAP. VI. 10-VIII. 4.

The Shulamite.

Chorus. Who is she that looks out there,
As the dawn, as moonbeams, fair,
Clear as sunlight, and as dread
As an host with banners spread ?

The Bride. Down I to the grove of nuts
Went, to see the valley's fruits ;
Whether vines in growth excelled,
And with buds pomegranates swelled.

Ere I was myself aware,
 Lo ! my soul made me appear
 Like unto the lordly cars
 Of a people great in wars.

Chorus. Come, come back, O Shulamite !
 Come, come back into our sight !

The Bride. O what will ye see in me ?

Chorus. Angels' grace and symmetry !

The chorus's commendation of the bride.

Chorus. Royal daughter ! O how fair
 Do thy sandalled feet appear !
 Jewel-like thy thigh-joints shine,
 Work that cunning hands design :
 Cup-like, round thy navel is,
 Whose sweet moisture never dries ;
 And thy belly heaped-up wheat,
 On all sides with lilies set ;
 Thy two breasts are like twin roes,
 Browsing where the lily grows' ;
 As a tower of ivory
 Is thy neck ; each liquid eye
 Like the pools in Heshbon's meads,
 By the gate that northward leads
 To Bath-rabbim ; and thy nose
 Like the tower that proudly shows
 In thy forest, Lebanon !
 And Damascus looks upon ;
 Like to Carmel is thine head,
 And its hair a deep black shade ;
 In it is a monarch bound,
 As thy tresses twine around.

The king and the bride.

The King. O how fair, how exquisite,
 Art thou, love ! for pure delight !
 Tall thou art as palm-trees' crests,
 Like to clustered grapes thy breasts.
 To the palm, I said, I'll go,
 And its boughs will cling unto :
 Now, too, shall those breasts of thine
 Be as clusters of the vine,
 And the breath's sweet scents, that well
 From thy nose, like apples' smell :—

The Bride And thy palate be approved
 (*interrupting*). Like best wine for my beloved,
 Wines that smoothly pass, and make
 Lips of those asleep to speak.
 I am my belovèd's own,
 His desire is t'ward me shown.

The bride's invitation.

The Bride. Come, belovèd, come, I pray ;
 Let us to the field away,
 And a lodging to our mind
 In some peaceful village find :
 Let us to the vineyards hie,
 Whilst Aurora gilds the sky ;
 Watching how the vine-trees fare,
 If the tender grape appear,
 And pomegranates budding be :
 There I'll give my loves to thee.
 The love-apples give a smell ;
 At our gates, beloved ! as well,

Divers pleasant fruits, my hoard,
New and old, for thee are stored.

Would that thou, my brother bred,
At my mother's breasts hadst fed :
Then, uncensured, when we meet,
Would I kiss thee in the street.
I would take thee home with me,
Where my teacher thou should'st be :
I would make thee drink spiced wine,
My pomegranates' juice divine.

(*To Chorus.*) Whilst his right hand wound round me,
'Neath my head his left should be.
I adjure you, daughters fair
Of Jerusalem ! beware !
Lest ye should love's slumbers break,
Until he be pleased to wake.

PART VI.

THE RETURN HOME.

CHAP. VIII. 5-14.

Last vows sealed.

Chorus. Who is this that from the waste,
Leaning on her friend, doth haste ?

The King. 'Neath this quince I woke thee ; there
 Did her child thy mother bear ;
 There she brought thee forth on earth,
 Who it was that gave thee birth.

The Bride. On thine arm and heart set me,
 As a seal to cling to thee ;
 Strong as death true love will be,
 Staunch as Sheol jealousy :
 Brands of fire its burnings are,
 Yea, a lightning-flash from Jah :
 Many waters from above
 Cannot quench, nor streams drown, love.
 Though for love one gave his all,
 Utter scorn would on him fall.

The bride's intercession.

Brothers of the Bride. We've a little sister, who
 Hath no breasts ; what shall we do
 For our sister in the hour
 When she shall be spoken for ?
 If she be a wall, we'll raise
 Silver towers on her base :
 If she be a door, we then
 Will in cedar shut her in.

The Bride. See ! a fencèd wall am I,
 And my breasts its towers on high ;
 I was therefore in his sight
 One in whom he took delight.

(*To the King.*) Solomon a vineyard bought
 In Baal-bak, which he let out :
 Each a thousand shekels paid
 For its fruits which he uplaid.

I have now before mine eye
Mine own vineyard, which is I :
Thou, O Solomon ! must there
Have a thousand for thy share ;
They two hundred for reward,
Who thereof the produce guard.

The Epilogue.

The King. Thou who hast thy dwelling here
In these gardens bright and fair !
Thy companions hear thy voice,
In its sound let me rejoice.

The Bride. My beloved ! quickly flee
Hence away, and do thou be
Like a young gazelle or roe
On the hills where spices grow.

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